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THE AGE OF JACK SHEPPARDISM.

THE present state of literature is of a nature to produce the utmost amount of alarm in the well-constituted mind. It marks a period in which all distinction between the decent and indecent has been abrogated, and the most immoral acts are placed upon the same level of admiration with the noblest traits of cultivated humanity. War is declared against the established order of society; law is denuded of its sanctity; and the violators of its regulations are held up as the heroes and heroines of the most popular romances and the most successful dramas. The times are out of joint, and Chartism rages while Jack Sheppard *reads*.

Yes! such works as the one just mentioned, celebrate not only such characters, but are perused by such characters, and are the scriptures by which the incipient housebreaker swears. And is such a work, addressed to such a public, written by a man of any consideration, any talent? We regret to say, yes! And what can be the inducement to such a writer as Mr. Ainsworth to perpetrate so foul a crime as the composing and publishing such a book? The impossibility of succeeding as a literary man in any other market!

Time was, when the aristocracy were the patrons of literary endeavour—thereafter it came to pass that the publishers were said to be the author's best patrons—and now the appeal lies direct to the public. To talk of the patronage of the booksellers, is the most absurd of all absurd assertions. There is *no* patronage whatever for authors in the trade—it is a fallacy, to believe that publishers ever *speculate*. Do we say this in their disfavour? Not we! they would be fools if they did—the whole *rationale* of business is against the monstrous supposition. Nay, they are seldom in advance of capital—their returns come in long before their credit is run out—and for the most part it may be said they drive a sure game—at least, as sure as is possible in any state beneath the moon's influence. They, however, fail but by chance—their success is of purpose and on system.

Meantime, the author is left to make his own way—and in what manner is he to do this? Shall he trust to the wisest exertions of genius embodied in the worthiest style? Consider, whether the

public taste is sufficiently cultivated to appreciate such an attempt! The few alone have any pretensions of the sort, and only the few among the few, the reality. And what proportion of the few have the means of recompensing the candidate for the highest honours? There comes the rub. The epic poet, the lyric bard, the philosophic sage, must live on the chameleon's dish—the air—and be fed in the manner in which capons cannot—if he is to any extent to depend on this proportion. And in what way? By the sale of a copy of his work to each of them, with all the deductions exacted by the trade for the dispensing of a book over the counter! No—no—it is not by the purchase of a single copy of his work, that such an author is to be served. He must be sought out by him who can afford the charge, and supported, if his own means are insufficient, until the sphere of his influence is enough extended to induce the adequate remuneration.

To do this, is not only the duty, but the privilege and interest of an aristocracy;—and it is because this has not been done, that the very state itself is even at this very time in a position of unexampled peril. All the literature necessarily running in the democratic channels, through which only it can reasonably expect any remuneration, the highest orders of society find themselves all at once undefended by the most influential writers. Meantime a principle of art was evolving itself which needs, if not counteraction, yet suspension from abuse. The familiar and the nigh had grown into rapid and increasing importance. The genius of a Wordsworth and a Goethe had alike laboured in that direction—and men had turned from the miracles that startled us in prerogative instances to those which lay unobtrusively in the almost unnoticed occurrences of daily life. It is the instinct of the poetic mind also to seek “The soul of goodness in things evil;” an instinct followed out to a considerable length by both Shakspeare and by Scott. Tendencies these, good in themselves, but liable to the most fearful abuse.

The *Jack Sheppard* of Mr. Ainsworth is a flagrant example of the abuse to which we allude. The highest crimes, if kept in a poetic region, and illustrated by the light of imagination, become transfigured through the glory which invests them into examples that ennoble while they terrify. Who feels not this while reading the most fearful of the Greek tragedies—or the three greatest of Shakspeare's? In the same way, Wordsworth's ballad of Rob Roy gives the key note to Scott's romance, and the result is, that we obtain a more poetical view of Highland life, with its licenses and peculiar characteristics, without imbibing any prejudice against the institutes of a more strictly regulated state of society; nay, it might be safely averred that we rise from the perusal, with the impression that more is gained from civil convention, in the way of security, than is lost by it in the way of liberty. But let such incidents and states of feeling be reduced to the prosaic modes of town life—though of the better sort—and all the artistic advantage of contrast is lost. The distant and ideal have vanished—and it is vice and misery brought to our very doors, and seated at our thresholds in all their actual squalor and pestilent decrepitude. Let it be added, that for these fair twins also, the admiration and the sympathy that properly belong to the sublime and beautiful

is demanded from us by the romancer—and we shall perceive at once the horrid perversion that is perpetrated, and the infamy in which we are called upon to participate.

We have said, that the only excuse for the high crime and misdemeanour of writing such a book is the state, or rather no-state, of literary patronage, in our land and time. Not long ago, we were expressing our disgust at the tribe of Parisian novels—and behold, we have shoals of similiar compositions manufactured in London, and indebted for their existence to the same cause. Suffer us to strengthen our former assertion. The appeal we speak of lies rather to the populace than to the public. If it be needful to write for a large number of immediate readers, why not make sure of the largest number at once? Why be contented with the thousands, when the millions may be won? Why write for the genteel, when the blackguard are the more numerous? Is not wealth more precious to the individual than morality? To be sure, the writer must assume, in his own person, the blackguardism that he would conciliate; but then one man in his time may allowably play many parts, and why not this? It is understood to be only acting;—*we* know, however, that it is more. The author is degraded—he is the wretch he *seems*—and both in his character and conduct he *becomes* the villain, which he has learned to take delight in portraying. This result is inevitable—and, we repeat, that we know it to be a fact.

Better would it be for such a man that his right hand should lose its cunning, than that it should be so employed! But it is not one man—but many men are running into the same error. If the market is profitable, there will be competitors. Men, who have won reputation in a better line, are turning to this. Captain Marryat is bringing out a *Poor Jack*, in shilling numbers—whether the work be infamous or not, we are unaware—but the desire of its concoctors is that it should appear so—and its chances of success lie all in that direction. Such are the tendencies of literary endeavour!

But the indirect injury is greater than the direct mischief done by such works. They not only poison the minds of the lower classes, but they occupy the attention of the higher. What every body talks about, comes to be considered by superior as well as inferior minds. Curiosity is excited to analyze the sources of its interest; and while this is doing, more respectable efforts are neglected. Neglected on the day of publication, the expense of previous advertisement wasted, and out of heart to incur more risk, their authors and publishers are fain to put up with the first loss, and the book fails. Fails! and is this your beggarly measure of success? No—it is the public who have *failed* to appreciate the good—it is the aristocracy of the country who have *failed* to protect the respectable;—and the result is Chartism in the State—fanaticism in the Church—and demoralization every where.

The respectability of a book is now against it—blackguardism is in the ascendant. The sweet voice of poetry can gain no audience, and the high lessons of philosophy are confined to the sage's closet. Should these things be, and overcome us like—not a summer's cloud—but the desert simoom, chilling—slaying? The dead body of genius lies in the streets of London, awaiting resurrection. How long! how long!

Meantime, what is the best of the works that circulate under the cover of their infamy? What is *Jack Sheppard* itself? Has it any value as a work of art, even for the sort of thing that it affects? Will it bear comparison with Schiller's *Robbers*—the composition of a boy, and repudiated in his riper years? Not it! It is vulgar in its conception—vulgar in its construction—and vulgar in its execution;—a disgrace to the author of *Rookwood* and of *Crichton*! whose earnest prayer should be, that the unlicked abortion may perish soon!

We can easily justify this by a rapid examination of the work. Jack Sheppard is naturally possessed of an heroic disposition; this he possesses through an unconscious alliance by birth with a noble house, but he is perverted to villainy by accidental association—thus ascribing all virtue to family blood, and all vice to circumstances. To increase our sympathy for the hero, he is, throughout, not so much a criminal agent as the mere victim of the great thief-taker, Jonathan Wild, who has sworn from the child's birth, that he would bring him to Tyburn-tree, as he had brought his father before him. The thief-taker is the real housebreaker, the real murderer, and even scruples not to commit the most horrible assassinations with his own hands. Upon this character the utmost infamy is literally heaped, until the gorge heaves with disgust, at the vile taste for horror which the mistaken author has consented to pander. But, *au contraire*, the thieves and murderers by profession are the best of good fellows, and the best of the best of these is Blueskin, the cut-throat, who is guilty of the most romantic generosity, and has a dog's fidelity for his fellow-cracksman and captain, Jack Sheppard, which the cruellest buffet cannot alter. Yet, notwithstanding the novelist's esteem for aristocratic birth, he strangely contradicts himself in the character of Sir Rowland Trenchard, who, being guilty of fratricide, is at last awfully victimised by Jonathan Wild. We forgot to mention that Jack has another apology for his trade—his hopeless love of Winifred Wood, who, from the first, was Plato's better half of his fellow-apprentice, Thames Darrell, afterwards Marquis de Chatillon and Jack's first cousin. Nor is Jonathan Wild himself without apology for having become thief-taker and private assassin—poor Mrs. Sheppard had been his maiden love. Nothing less than the very spirit of love itself suffices with Mr. Ainsworth for motive to such criminality as here the mind is expected to run riot in. Most carefully, too, has the author, after his fashion, sought to justify the dispensations of Providence, since no assault or murder is suffered in the novel, but where the victim deserves the infliction. Sheppard, Wild, and Blueskin, are but scourges of God on a small scale—the Napoleons and the Attilas of domestic life. Be to them, therefore, awarded Fame's wreath, and the glory of an apotheosis, in volumes three, after their execution!

It will not avail to justify such a novel as this by reference to Dickens' *Oliver Twist*, or the *Pickwick Papers*. Beneath all the slang, we see in Dickens' dialogues, a substratum of moral principle—and amidst all the eccentricities of his characters, a perpetual reference to a central standard of conduct is discernible. He paints humourists rather than criminals. Nor do we prohibit the spirit of literature descending into the obscurest quarters of social life, for the

redemption of imprisoned humanity. True genius is well employed in such extreme tasks. It has the mandate of Prospero—to soar—to run—to dive. The ministering Ariel may penetrate the deeps, as well as the levels and the heights. But such a novel as *Jack Sheppard* is an abuse of the privilege—a safe speculation in a recognised market. It is as if Caliban, having had knowledge of Ariel's commission and experience of his success, should proceed to the same places upon an adventure of gain with an errand of his own, and no purpose to serve besides his own brutal self-interest and filthy lust of lucre.

That such a work should have been received with any applause at all, is a sign of the times. There is an entire perversion of taste, and an ignorance of the principles of art in the present reading and play-going public. To this ignorance and this folly, the appeal of those who must please to live is made. Again, therefore, we call upon the aristocracy to make demonstration of a better state of mind, by a visible and declared patronage of worthier efforts. Let not poets and sages languish in obscurity and poverty. As you value your own possessions, nobles of England! assist the claims of genius. Unless you raise it from its present state of prostration, at once and for ever, it will anon raise itself; for there is a spirit of life in it, however it seem dead. Let it thus arise, its own helper only, and not helped by you, and it will denounce what Mr. Thomas Carlyle has called, in his *Chartism*,—"an oppressing or neglecting aristocracy." On the part of such an aristocracy as England possesses, neglect is oppression. Let it look to itself. The natural tendency of all states is to democracy; it is only by art that an aristocracy, that a monarchy, can be sustained. Prince Albert, we are happy to know, has taste and appreciation for genius—nay, skill himself in its operations. There may be some hope in this—but less than there might be, if the nobles of his adopted country decline to assist the royal endeavours in this direction. Again, we call on them to help those who are now languishing with hope deferred. The sickness of heart it induces, will, ere long, change to desperate determination. Let this but once happen, and farewell to the oppressor and the idler. They and their chains are broken and scattered for ever!

STATE OF THE PRESS.

BY FRANCIS BARHAM, ESQ.

THIS subject has already been handled in the December number of the *Monthly Magazine*, by the writer of an article on the British Association for the Patronage of Literature. It forms, however, a topic of too much importance to be soon exhausted or hastily dismissed, and we return to it again with redoubled energy. By these repeated efforts we hope to stir up master-spirits to plead the same cause, for it needs the most strenuous advocacy, and the literary world will not be ungrateful to those who labour to promote its interests.

The state of the press! ay, there's the rub. There's the secret of secrets—the peril of perils. State of the press—syllables how brief—

consequences how immeasurable ! How may a universe of thoughts be compressed into a word ! And how may a word that teems with awfullest import—a word “that casts ominous conjecture on the whole result,” become the jest of fools ! Be it so—play on, ye prattling gossips, with the wires of the electrical battery, that, at the moment of your highest merriment, shall smite you into death. Laughingly unwind the foldings of the coiled snake, that even now meditates your destruction, and, like the antediluvian witlings, crack your jokes on the only ark that can save ye from the inundation of vengeance.

State of the press—state of states—state on which all other states depend. Invisible, inexplicable attraction ; *Primum mobile*, of all motions—arch revolver of all revolutions. They forget thee—despise thee—banter thee ! Exquisite Pyrrhonism ! They ask where lies the cause of our calamities ? Thou art the cause. The blessing become the curse—love enacting hatred. They gaze on thee with dazzled eyes, and the more they gaze, the less they discern thee. They know not that *mind* is the sole operant ; and that the press is that lever of mind, by which it shakes the world. Here is the fabled machinery of Archimedes realized. By it our planet is swung from its harmonic orbit, and hurled into endless eccentricities.

This is no hyperbole, though it may seem so. 'Tis the gravest truth of the gravest authors. The power of the press is as palpably recognised in metaphysics, as that of the steam-engine is in mechanics ; and yet, unparalleled quintessence of judicial blindness ! this power is left to run riot, without direction or impediment. On it thunders, like the grinding chariot of Juggernaut, over the necks of those who should have ridden on its topmost arches.

This abuse shall not pass current without an effort to oppose it. If the Monthly Magazine has yet caught a sparkle of that philosophic day-spring, which is dawning over the mountains of Germany—if we are less fettered than some of our neighbours by local or temporary prejudices, we will again stand up for the rights of mind, and the privileges of literature.

We assert that royal and aristocratic circles, aye, and all individuals and associations blessed by God with wealth—that most responsible of talents—may, by a wholesome patronage, turn the stream of the press which ever way they please. If mind in the direct relation commands money ; if knowledge is power ; still more plain is the converse of the proposition ; for now-a-days money commands mind. As action and reaction are equal, money likewise is power ; and the power of powers ; and this to a degree that none but the wise can either imagine or exert.

Here lies the very gist of the argument for the *revival of literary patronage*, both in individual and associative forms. It is certain that comparatively small sums of capital, wisely expended in literary patronage, will go further in promoting philanthropical and patriotic objects than any other kind of munificence.

The princes of Germany, particularly Joseph the Second, perhaps the most enlightened monarch of modern times, have long been aware of this. By emulating Augustus, and by encouraging the temper of Mecænas at their courts, they, at once, corroborated their thrones,

and improved their countries. The present king of France ought to have known it too. He ought to have patronised the French press, by which means he would have made it loyal and benevolent. But instead of patronising it munificently, he sought to crush it tyrannically, and thus educed a vindictive malice among Gallic *litterateurs*, which will never cease till some detestable regicide has fulfilled its purpose.

We hope and expect far better and brighter things of the youthful rulers of these realms of Britain. They have the sagacity to perceive that to inflect and reform a press is not difficult, but to smash and destroy it absolutely impossible. And we believe they will have generosity enough to encourage those nobler emanations of literature, that fall on the earth like sunbeams, bright in themselves, and brightening all around them.

At present, however, owing to the neglect of literary patronage, the state of the British press is most disastrous. The deplorable case is stated no less truly than eloquently, by Isaac Taylor, in a chapter on the State of Sacred Science in his "Saturday Night." Here are the words of this noble writer, himself an exemplification of the sufferings of a genius, superior to the base level of sect and party scribblers. Alas! how hard is it for such a mind to debase itself to the slough of vulgarity—to sink down to the abyss of empty sciolism; how difficult to write low enough to tickle prejudice and pander passion. But let us hear him:—

"Who now ventures to rise to the upper region of celestial meditation? Who forgets the world, its madness and its scorn, while he enters the gates of immortal hope? Who is it that, as if the contempters of heaven were not in hearing, converses with and concerning the glories of the Supreme? Who, with a reverent yet uncurbed eloquence fitting the occasion, speaks of the mysteries of redemption? Or who, regardless of the powers of calumny, that keep their state as ministers of vengeance round the throne of ancient prejudice, explores anew the half-hidden, half-revealed wonders that couch beneath the words of Scripture?

"If a plain fact is to be spoken in plain terms, it is this: that books have, at last, thoroughly come under the laws that regulate the quantity, quality, fashion, and form of silks, potteries, furniture, jewels, and other articles of artificial life. Now who does not know that the purchaser of any such commodity, must stand in the relation of master to the manufacturer, the artist, and the workman. It is an illusion to suppose that any very extensive or permanent exemption from the laws of trade can have place in *matters of trade*. Mind struggles against these mighty powers, and writhes under their tyranny; but its resistance is successful only in single instances, or for an hour. *Thus our modern literature has one reason, and of this reason the buyer is the sovereign, and the vendor the interpreter, and the writer the slave.*

"While we are rejoicing in the numerous band of accomplished men who so ably occupy the press, we should pause and ask whether some of its legitimate masters are not holding back, and refusing to exercise their function? It may, moreover, be fairly questioned, whether the order of nature is followed or abandoned, when the contact of writers in the highest departments with the imperfectly educated

classes, is immediate. Heretofore it has been that the slowly-matured projects of great and tranquil spirits, after passing through minds of the next rate, have been disseminated over the wider surface of society by their means. Now it is plain that what is written, and intended to be written, for the class of *instructors*, will be very unlike that which is prepared directly for the instructed. It is, indeed, always well that writers should labour to attain perspicuity, simplicity, and vivacity; but it is not well when they feel themselves compelled, as in terror, to avoid whatever supposes in the reader high culture and intelligence."

We have asserted, and we repeat the assertion, that literary patronage is the true remedy for many of these evils. We conceive, with Mr. Harris, the author of *Mammon*, that patronage, properly so called, is one of the highest religious virtues and duties, however much it may be overlooked by our cotemporaries. It is intimately connected with the awful law of responsibility, which regulates the use and abuse of riches. The rich man who has the power of bringing forward master-minds, and yet refuses to do so, probably incurs a degree of guilt which no human calculation can measure; just because he omits that specific form of philanthropy which contributes more than all others to the ultimate benefit of mankind. A single wealthy individual who wisely distributed his fortune in literary patronage, would do more extensive benefits to his country, than half the charitable associations that obtrude themselves on our notice.

Literary patronage possesses a spark of the omnipotence of heaven itself, since it creates the very *mind* which it illumines. When, under its influence, first-rate books are produced, they are sure to insinuate themselves into the admiration of those chosen spirits who cherish a conception of the *excellent*. These thus kindled, and concentrated by the electricity of genius, begin to mould anew the character of their times. Like true poets, they create what they cannot discover, *inveniunt viam aut faciunt*. When Milton, Coleridge, and Wordsworth first wrote, they wrote what few read; but those that did read made others read likewise, and now every body reads.

Let no one, therefore, attempt to stop our pleading for literary patronage by this objection. Let no one tell us that, under such a system, authors indeed might write first-rate books, but that nobody would read them. No; give but good authors *time* to conquer and lead the public; and conquer and lead it they will. This time for truth's seed-sowing literary patronage alone can bestow. Under it every genuine literator might quote the motto of Sir Walter Scott, "I and time against two." The curse that attends the want of literary patronage is, that authors, unless they happen to be wealthy, have no time to lead the public, and so they must needs follow it, and minister to its insulting demands, however detestable, at the hazard of their bread and cheese.

In all this we are arguing for a wise patronage, not for a foolish one. We are arguing for that patronage which at once ennobles and improves its client, which elicits all his finer energies, and affords them their proper employment. Patronage, like every other good thing, may be abused; and we say no word in defence of that bad species of it, which

is bestowed indiscriminately on the undeserving, and leaves them more base than it found them. All such patronage we leave to the tender mercies of Miss Edgeworth's satire.

The wholesome patronage for which we plead, is the more necessary for those literators who are best worthy of the name; because their services are most wanted in reality, precisely at those periods when men imagine they need them least.

In the name of heaven, therefore, let us no longer be content with praising the Augustan age of literary patronage; but let the Victorian age in which we live become its rival, and outshine it.

We have approached the very crisis of the fate of literature. We must either conquer our enemies or be conquered by them. Our decision decides the future fortunes, not only of Britain, but the world. In the splendid language of Robert Hall, "There is no longer a moment for hesitation; our foes are fast gathering their mighty legions around us, and we are most exactly, most critically placed in the only aperture which can oppose a resistance—in the Thermopylæ of the universe."

The position of authors without literary patronage is, at the present day, an unheard-of anomaly. They are in a worse bondage than that of the Jews, who were compelled to make bricks without straw; or that of the valets in the play, who were expected to keep the lamps burning though they were allowed no oil. Even so, now-a-days authors are expected to write first-rate books, worthy of Milton; and write them they do; but when they take their MSS. to the publishers, they are not accepted. The literator is a physician of the minds of men; but as the general disease of men's minds is blindness, they see least of their complaint when they exhibit the most. They must be told they are blind before they will believe it; and indeed they will hardly believe it then. The diseases of men's bodies are far more easily discerned by themselves and their friends; and, therefore, the doctor asks no better patrons than his patients, who are eager enough to call him in as soon as they want him.

How deep and deadly the lapse of our popular literature is at present, in consequence of the evil causes in operation. Alter the causes if you would alter the effects. Authors must lead the mob, or the mob lead them; and the mob invariably lead to the devil—Atrocious buffoonery! Unparalleled charlatanery! That the master genii of the age, who should irradiate the empire with a flood of light, should become the bullies of faction, or the panders of brothelism! A wonderful and horrible thing hath happened in the land; the prophets prophesy falsely, and the people love to have it so. We look in vain through the literature of Asia, Greece, and Rome, for any thing analogous to the *scampishness* that now signalizes the press.

In Germany, literature is in an infinitely better condition. In that country the progress of *mind*, as mind, excites universal interest. Hence, German literature subtends a cosmopolitan and enlarging influence on all classes of society; and every author, who succeeds in making new intellectual developments, is crowned with the gratitude of his fellow-countrymen. In this respect the Germans nationally resemble the Greeks; they have a national genius for moral and in-

tellectual achievements; an all-pervading instinct of the *noble* in thought, and the *graceful* in expression. Germany, therefore, is the centre of free and gallant truth-searchers; the bold Promethean spirits that are the originators of new trains of fancy and feeling. There a Mendelson, a Goethe, a Klopstock, a Schiller, a Herder, a Lessing, became the favourites of a prince, and the idols of a people. But in England, "the nation of shopkeepers," all this is reversed. The numberless volumes that Germany has sent forth on theosophic, syncretic, and æsthetic philosophy, have never yet penetrated the thick fogs of our insular prejudices. Strange and brutal ignorance! The very names of philosophies which give title to the books which have so often kindled the continent, are literally unknown by many of our popular pressmen! Superb presumption of penny-a-line conceitedness! that each puny embryo of letters; each prattling sciolist, playing on the shore of that vast ocean of many-linguaged learning, should dare to jest at what should fill him with speechless veneration. But the hour is coming when the divine Minerva, who has so long animated Germany, shall extend her ethereal splendours over France, Britain, and America. Then shall the noble scholars that now sow in tears, reap in joy. The chosen intellects, that rise above the hacknied common-places of the million, shall soar into their native sphere; and like the martyred prophets of the Apocalypse, men shall tremble before them, whom once they trampled in the dust.

Perhaps you are ready to say that criticism and critics are sufficiently powerful to prevent the abuses of the press. It might, indeed, be so, were critics, by patronage, wealth, or any other means, placed in that-independence so necessary for those who should be impartial. But if the present state of things continue, criticism will become still more corrupt. There was a time, as Pope tells us in his inimitable essays,

"When generous critics fann'd the poet's fire,
And taught the world with reason to admire;
Then Criticism the Muse's handmaid proved,
To deck her charms, and make her more beloved."

Thank heaven, there are still a few of the family of the same urbanity and discernment. Personally we have every reason to be grateful to them. But it is not the less true, in the majority of cases, that our critics are suffering from the same neglect as our authors. They, too, labour under the pining atrophy of unregarded talent; and irritated by petty rivalries, or allured by unrealized promises, they too often immolate the genius they should cherish, and flatter the stupidity they should lash. Even so, ye should be patrons! You may boast of criticism, but if you would make it praiseworthy, you must patronise its legitimate professors. The best wisdom of policy is to associate truth with interest. If you allow these to become divorced, ten to one that the former will turn hermit, and the latter prostitute. How can you flatter yourselves that criticism will flourish under influences so unfavourable? You have allowed critics to lose their moral dignity themselves, yet you expect them to preserve that of authors. Absurd delusion! If you permit the very regulator of the machinery to rust, how can you imagine that the machinery will work well?

You will say, perhaps, that authors ought to be true and virtuous without patronage; that they ought to consider virtue its own reward, &c. To be sure they *ought*. But do not trust to virtue with an empty stomach. Old Adam is too strohg for young Melancthon. Do not throw your choice spirits into the temptation of poverty.

"All sciences your fasting genius knows,
And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes."

The patronage of which we speak is most needed for those transcendental and august forms of literature, which, from their very sublimity and refinement, cannot be immediately understood or appreciated by the crowd. It is just because there is no such patronage of the highest forms of literature, that these are so seldom produced. The ethereal models of ideal perfection, the ecstatic dreamings of more than earthly glory, are allowed to evanesce and evaporate in the hearts they irradiate. Thus the germs of the *superexcellent* are crushed long before they come into flower or fruit. Authors, however spiritual or *spirituel*, cannot exactly thrive upon air; they cannot fatten upon the chameleon's dish, promise-crammed. They remember that musty proverb, that while the grass grows, and set no great value on promises that are postponed *sine die*. Thus, they all find it their interest to enact the lawyer, *verba et iras locant*, they hire out their wits to the best bidder. At home and abroad they undertake any sort of job for pay; and if you object, they answer with all imaginable coolness, that necessity has no laws. They have not quite reached the heroic temper of the ancient one who exclaimed, "It is necessary to act justly, but not necessary to live." And thus, one after another strives to sink where he should strive to soar.

It is in this country that the want of literary patronage is most intensely felt. Nothing else can induce the master-spirits of our times to write worthy of themselves. They must be supported in writing those kinds of composition which are too supereminent to be immediately popular, yet whose production is essential to raise the debased temper of cotemporary literature. How cruel is it to force such men who long to excel in moral dignity rather than intellectual pantomime, to sacrifice the former to the latter. You are aware that a truly elevated literature consists in moral, rather than intellectual attractions, yet you compel the author to assume the style of the sharper and the mountebank. If you fulfilled your obligations as patrons, authors would fulfil theirs, as the genial instructors of the nation's mind.

You may tolerate the evil we describe, because you think it acts slowly in the dissemination of mischief, and will give you time to ward off its consequences. Its progress, however, is not quite so slow as you imagine, since in the course of a generation it can demolish an empire. If it indeed be slow, it is at least slow and sure; *lente festina* is its motto. Its slowness is that of a national phthisis, undermining the vitals of the constitution, and preparing for merry England the untimely sepulchre of debauchery.

"Such is the moral of all human tales,
'Tis but the same recital of the past;
First freedom and then glory, when that fails,
Wealth, vice, corruption—barbarism at last."

First-rate literature cannot possibly flourish, when that of all others is least rewarded, and when all the emoluments that should attach to it are distributed elsewhere by a scale of spurious popularity. Can we wonder, amid such a system of abuse, at the marked rarity of men of high moral, compared to those of keen intellectual attainments? For one of the former, we can point out a hundred of the latter; yet that one is, in fact, worth more than all the rest; for he is doing good, while the rest are perverted to mischief.

To illustrate these remarks: the noblest kind of works which can be written, are those which rise to eternal and universal verities, and place the opinions of sects and parties in their true position, which is always subordinate. Now, such works are not written because they are not patronised; such works require much time to make their way, and publishers will not speculate in them. On the other hand, let a man write flaming party tirades, of the highest absurdity and malice, they at once find a market. Thus wisdom is at a discount, and folly at a premium. Capital is no longer expended in producing the best literary wares, and they are not produced.

The case reminds us of a fable in political economy, which is worth citing: "Once on a time, a number of artisans of all orders, emigrated to a certain island to seek employment. The first of these artisans who presented himself to the islanders, was a watchmaker. He told them that he knew how to manufacture a little machine, which would measure the lapse of time, and regulate the proceedings of all the other workmen. The islanders, however, were unwilling to pay for a watch or clock, imagining that they could transact business very well without them. They, therefore, expended their capital on the wages of the other artisans. Carpenters, masons, smiths, &c. were immediately set to work, and all seemed to proceed right prosperously. The islanders flattered themselves they had made an excellent speculation, and continued to laugh at the offers of the poor watchmaker. By-and-by, however, there arose an immense deal of confusion and quarrelling, respecting the hours that the workmen should require at their tasks, and as they had no watch to mark the hours, these disputes could by no means be settled. At length, just as the workmen and the islanders were coming to blows about the question of time, a wiser man than the rest, exclaimed—'What fools you were not to employ the watchmaker!' 'Let us employ him now,' said a thousand voices, 'and give him whatever wages he asks.' Away they ran to seek the poor watchmaker, determined to make him every amends in their power for their past neglect. Their resolution was excellent, but it came too late: the watchmaker had died of sheer starvation. So the island was plunged in a long civil war for want of a watch, and when the war was ended, the people knew the time no better than before."

We should think it idle to paint the disease thus graphically, had we no remedy to propose. But we have a remedy, and that remedy is, the *revival of literary patronage, both individual and associative*. This is the remedy, and this is the only remedy. So easy is this remedy, that even a single individual of talent, taste, and wealth, may bring it into fashion. And the fashion once set, will be carried on by force of its own utility for centuries to come.

It is even so. Ay, a single individual, possessed of the spirit and the power, may now accomplish that vast *literary reform* which is so imperatively needed, and which would make his name immortal in Europe. Such a man has only to encourage the development of those higher forms of literature which are the rarest, because the noblest. He has but to link together a few of the first-rate thinkers of his time, and at once a new galaxy of genius glitters over our land. Yes, in literary patronage, and this alone, is the panacea to be found. All things now resolve themselves into the use and abuse of mammon. You must begin by rightly swaying that which can rightly sway all other agencies. But, alas! for the spirit of literary munificence; it is little better than a name or a jest. The ancients, indeed, cherished such a thing; we find it still living in their imperishable writings. Let England look on them with reverence; for in many respects the periods of gentilism were immeasurably superior to our own.

"Go, get thee, proud nation, to history's page,
There learn what achievements were won
By heathens, the pride of a far distant age;
Go, blush for what Christians have done."

Verily, there is some demon in wealth, which seems to deprive its possessor of the will to philanthropize, in precisely the same ratio as it accords him the power. The good we find done, is done by the relatively poor—by those heroic spirits struggling, like Socrates, or a nobler than he, against the collected enmities of earth and hell. When we pass through the streets of this metropolis, and mark its long lines of sumptuous edifices; when we remember that any one of their proprietors might, by a proper application of riches, realize the best hopes of literature; and yet, among all their thousands, that one is not discoverable, we feel heartily ashamed that our fates have been linked with the destinies of cotemporaries so pitiful.

But this cannot last. Noble patrons of literature will yet arise to meet the call of the crisis. When at their worst all things begin to mend; for every revolution on the wheel of casualty elevates them by fractions. Statesmen and others will at last discover the truth of what we have so often stated. They will find that it is to the want of literary patronage, that the deplorable degradation of our national press is to be imputed. From this poisonous root spring all the infidelities, disloyalties, and obscenities, that now spawn over the land. The so-called religious people, who, with the best intentions in the world, generally commit the absurdest blunders in practice, will at length discover that it is mainly by purifying the fountains of literature, that they will effectually advance truth, virtue, and piety. One would have imagined that they might have discovered this long ago—before our land was overflowed by this tide of infamy. But they either could not see it, or would not. The innocence of the dove somewhat overlaid the sagacity of the serpent. Verily, the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.

For want of a sound literary patronage, the several elements of religion, loyalty, and purity, which signalize a truly noble press, have all been perverted into opposite vices, and now illustrate that venerable proverb, *optima corrupta pessima*—the best things, when corrupted,

become the worst. We know several authors that began to write piously and well, but finding their efforts to do good altogether disregarded, as not being worth their salt or bread and butter, they were seduced by necessity to do the devil's work, who gave much better wages. One of these men, who might have been a William Penn, is now become a Tom Paine. But he is not half as guilty as those who had the power of patronising his nobler writings, and refused to do so.

Senators of Britain! we charge ye—we charge ye as Milton charged your predecessors—you must patronise the press, or you perish. Be prompt, delay not—at your peril delay not. The same causes always produce the same effects—that which hath demolished other governments can shatter yours. Literature is now as an inverted cone—and, unless you place the top where it should be, your country will be inverted too. We warned ye in the pages of this Magazine, of the causes and consequences of the progress of Chartism. Many distinguished writers have followed our steps; they also warn ye. Be sure that the real commencement of Chartism was in your own neglect of the press. Chartism is but an external sign of that neglect; and if that neglect is continued, Chartism will continue likewise. The moral cause will be fought out morally on the field of paper, by shedding of ink. But if your patronage does not conquer the Chartists, then they will conquer you. We are no idle alarmists—we know what we are writing. If you allow the more loyal literature to sink, be sure the less loyal will rise. And as the rise and fall of literature always regulates that of life, take care what you are about. A little patronage, well bestowed, may make those publications your friends, that, if rejected, may reject you. Senators of Britain! are you warned?

The third characteristic of a sound literature, in which the English has become shockingly deficient, is, as we have hinted, *purity*. By purity we mean *truthfulness*, or the calling of things by their right names. This purity is a perfectly different thing from prudery, and by no means implies the masking of vice. Every thing is pure that is true in morals, and every thing is impure that is false. For instance, the Bible, which describes the most atrocious vices with graphic precision, is eminently pure—because it is true, and because its object is virtuous. Thus, to the pure, all things are pure. It is the proof of a pure mind to read every delineation of life and nature without a blush. A blush is not the sign of virtue, but of vice. *Eve never blushed before her fall*. The persons or the family that blush at any phrase of Scripture, only prove that their minds are morbidly sensitive to conscious shame. The blush may seem amiable, but in reality it is a confession of weakness.

We are, therefore, advocates for what is called plain-spoken nomenclature. We like to hear a horse called a horse, and a rascal a rascal, and a harlot a harlot. In this liking for plain terms we are borne out by Scripture, and by all the great writers of antiquity. This plainness of style has always gone hand in hand with virtue. As Chaucer very justly remarks—

“ Christ spake himself full broad in holy writ,
And well I wot no villainie it is;
Eke Plato soith, whoever can him read,
The word must be a cousin to the deed.”

Erasmus, we conceive, was no less pure than plain in the composition of his colloquies, in which he describes all manner of sensual things. He was pure, because he was true and virtuous. Our ancestors, who delighted in this downright system of phraseology, were, we opine, much more moral than ourselves, with all our confounded effeminacy.

It is not, therefore, any spirit of prudery that has induced us to censure certain authors of high ability. It is not for their *calling things by their right names* that we blame them. So far as they have done this they are estimable—so far they have applied their splendid talents to their legitimate objects. No! what we dislike in them is precisely the reverse of this—we mean the *calling things by their wrong names*. We abominate the subtle ingenuity which has put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter. As long as virtue is distinctly set forth as virtue, leading to earthly peace and celestial happiness—as long as vice is set forth as vice, urging its victims onward through mazes of feverish delirium to inevitable ruin—there is an essential purity and virtuousness in [a composition which makes it dear to philanthropical spirits. But if any one thing is more to be dreaded in literature than another, it is the Bealeic sophistry which delineates Satan as a seraph of light, which eulogises villains as heroes, blackguards as finished gentlemen, and prostitutes as the most amiable of women.

But how, you ask, is the patronage of the press to prevent such abuses? Why, by encouraging those who seek to produce purer forms of literature. Be sure of this, that a wealthy press leads the people, and a poor press follows the people, which is the greatest evil that can happen to either. If good authors, whether they edit independent books, periodicals, or journals, are fortified by patronage and capital, they are then placed in their true position. They are enabled to elaborate the cause of truth through good report and evil report. And thus they lead the people as they should do, for it is not in man to resist the force of truth, if it be applied with sufficient continuity and consistency. This is the very argument which has been used so successfully for a patronised clergy, and it ought to be applied to the press, *à fortiori*, for, now-a-days, the press is a much more powerful agent than the pulpit. Then should we see a noble press nobly leading the people, and the master-spirits of the land swaying its destinies to the most propitious consummation.

The efficacy of pure patronage to raise a pure press, cannot be doubted, since even the impure patronage of sect and party is so conspicuously potent. Who knows not what powerful parties have done by patronising certain journals? The fact of the case is notorious, and whatever may be thought of such proceedings, they serve to illustrate our point. They evince that literary patronage has a power of making a press lead rather than follow. When a notable journal changed its politics for certain considerations, it boasted, with a penetration peculiar to itself, that it would bring a great portion of its former readers to the right-about. And the boast has been fulfilled. It sufficiently illustrates, therefore, the power of patronage amongst periodicals and journals. As a witty contemporary remarks, "The writers of such publications are for the most part unknown—they are like a battery, in which the shock of one ball produces no great effect—but the

amount of continual repetition is decisive. Let us suffer any one person to tell his story, morning and evening, but for one twelvemonth, and he will become our rival and superior."

The moral condition of our wealthier journals, though by no means absolutely sound, is yet comparatively sounder than that of the poorer ones. If authors become too poor to keep a conscience, what will they not do? They at once resign their patent of nobility; they give up all idea of leading the public as its legitimate masters. This requires the independence and patience they possess not; and they are obliged to throw themselves, in spite of their nobler desires, into the base position of followers and trimmers. Urged on by the dire scourge of the necessity they loathe, they are forced to cater for the grossest appetites of the gross million. Each one becomes like a fallen angel—blighted and blighting, crushed and crushing, damned and damning his fellow-creatures.

Our religious and philanthropical people, good easy souls, stand aghast at this spectacle of moral pollution, and cry out to attorney-generals and censors for indictments, prohibitions, and injunctions. Alas! none of these will do; they have all been tried in vain. Nothing but a generous effusion of literary patronage will stop this soul-consuming plague. You must provide the people with something better, week after week and month after month, before they will renounce that which is worse. You must create a new soul under the ribs of death; a new taste for the sublime and beautiful, and by degrees they will learn to despise the profane, the scampish, and the beastly.

Many of these ideas have been suggested by a little book that has just come into our hands, entitled, "The Fourth Estate; or the Moral Influence of the Press. By a Student of Law." The author, though somewhat Irish in his mode of writing, yet evinces a just appreciation of what literary excellence is. This is something noticeable in a period when the majority of writers really cannot understand what an elevated literature means, and in their execrable jealousy, strive to quench every emanation of that which posterity will honour and revere. Snarl on, snarl on, ye glorious calumniators; try as far as you can to clap the extinguisher on every candle brighter than your own—indulge, to the top of your bent, the sneaking petulances you should endeavour to vanquish—imagine that all are your enemies who are not your sworn *protégés*, and assert that, in these imaginary enemies, no possible virtue can exist.

But let that pass, while we return to the book we have mentioned. Its author quotes for his motto some words of Chateaubriand, which cannot be too often repeated: "The discovery of printing has changed the conditions of society; the press, a machine which cannot now be broken, will continue to destroy the ancient world till it has formed a new one. Printing is only the creating word of all power. The word (*la parole*) created the universe; unhappily the expression of it in man partook of human infirmity; it will mingle evil with good till our fallen nature has recovered its purity.

"It is not, therefore (says our author), too much to say, at the present era, that we desiderate most the *right direction* of the press, which alone shall prove the regenerator of mankind. That is to say, we

most need the wholesome and vigorous tone which a free press is capable of affording; looking at the power with which it is invested, with a view to one mighty enterprise—the regeneration of man, and the final triumph of truth and virtue over falsehood and wickedness.”

We long to see the time when literary merit shall be diligently inquired after; when every man who writes a work of genius, shall be warmly taken by the hand by the wealthy and the powerful. Any patrons or publishers who now come forward to redress the grievances of literature, will acquire name and fame, and that good fortune which is their fair result. Then authors, in every way fitted to ennoble letters, will no longer be allowed to pine in obscurity unnoticed and unrewarded. Here are evils worth redressing. We know at the present moment several scholars of consummate talent, capable of successfully conducting any literary enterprises, and of raising the British press to more than its remembered glories, who now, for want of patronage, are withering to untimely graves.

Enough! we have said our say respecting the state of the press. We may have expressed ourselves too passionately, but the incalculable importance of the subject shall form our apology. All experienced authors will know and feel that we have spoken truly; and that we have proposed a worthy remedy for a most unworthy disease. Let them each and all, in their different spheres, support the same cause, and that cause will triumph. Let them support it not merely from selfish motives, but from that generous freemasonry of intellect which ought to signalize the brotherhood of authors. Be sure the cause is worth an eloquent pleading. Milton, in his *Areopagitica*, achieved the liberty of the press; but that, without the patronage of the press, is a curse rather than a blessing.

Meantime, brethren of the pen, be not disheartened. Fight on gallantly and unanimously; on evil tongues though fallen, and evil times. Coleridge and Wordsworth have given you this motto, “Write your best, whether it will sell or not.” Make a public mind, if you cannot find one ready made. There is a mysterious electricity in true genius, which will vibrate along all the lines of human sympathy. Intellect is the most contagious of all principles. It is the power which instantaneously calls up power in other minds, and transforms them into its likeness. The intelligent man is always intelligible; for a touch of *thought*, like a touch of feeling, makes the whole world kin. Yes, write your best—even for the sake of the best, though you get neither office, fee, nor emolument. The discerning few will then know what metal you are made of; first-rate thinkers will take you to their ambrosial fellowship, and the whole world will at last crown you with the laurels. Cast your bread on the waters, you shall find it after many days. So it was with Pope. When that philosophic poet first introduced the Leibnitzian theory of optimism and universalism into his far-resounding verse—heavens! what a cry arose among the descendants of Bavius and Mævius! But he lived it down, and wrote it down. Where live their names now, but in the very lines which impaled their foolery? There, suspended on the cross of his conscience-thrilling satire, they still seem to writhe and agonize—still dying, never dead—damned to immortality of fame.

Aye, write your best, and fame will come at last. Even if it mocks you in this world, it shall recompense you in the next, and gratulate your souls rejoicing in the stars. The verdict of posterity is not despised by the mighty dead. The justly-merited applause of future generations is dear to the melancholy ghosts of dread renown. They rest from their labours, and their works follow them—*vita enim mortuorum in memoria vivorum posita*. Let, not the inheritors of unfulfilled glory lament their lot. They shall receive seven-fold.

“Seven Grecian states contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread.”

But while we bid you fear nothing, and trust frankly to time, the sole philosopher, we would remind you that there is yet a higher fame to which your ambition may aspire—a fame which the passing generations of time can neither confer nor take away—the fame, not of time, but of eternity—the fame, not of man, but of God.

“Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glittering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies;
But lives and spreads aloft in the pure eyes
And perfect witness of just-judging Jove,
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.”

PERSIAN REMINISCENCES.

No. 1.—*The Evening Salaam.*

It is customary for the Persian monarchs to show themselves twice a day to their subjects at a public audience, where they hold what may be termed a “court of common pleas,” for redress of grievances, pronouncing judgment, &c., such as—“Off with his head,” “cut out his tongue,” or some such other imperial mandate, which is always summarily executed. The sovereign is supposed to witness these executions; and during my stay at Tehran, a culprit, suspended by the legs from two poles, was halved down by the hench-man in the royal presence. The ceremony of the “salaam” was much more simple than I imagined could comport with the dignity of the “Cousin of the Sun and Moon.” The raw-looking troops formed a large circle near the “gulistan,” or garden of his majesty’s summer residence, environed with a park of artillery. On an elevation in the centre was placed an English chair, without any ornament to denote it the imperial seat of justice. On one side was curiously grouped the royal band, and such music! enough “to split the ears of the groundlings.” The men blew wind and cracked their cheeks through ram’s horns attached to long poles, producing every imaginable discord; but “this is the music of the spheres” to the Persians.

Within the ring were stationed small groups, either of the royal blood or of his majesty’s ministers, among whom I noticed the hurly-burly, “Dee-Whaly Karigee,” or minister of foreign affairs—a regular

Falstaff—he has been twice in England as ambassador from the court of Tehran, and is well sketched by Mr. Morier in his History of “Hadji Baba;” then came the “Ameen-ee Dowleh,” or finance minister; the Hackim Bashi, &c. They stood with the profoundest gravity, like a corps of mandarins, waiting the imperial nod “to nod again.”

Some half hour passed subject to this oriental discipline, when, as by the wand of enchantment, the scene was changed by the slow and majestic approach of “Fattee Ali Shah.” I minutely regarded this “king of kings;” and, upon my honour, every inch a king—of taper stature, long flowing black beard (worthy the Persians’ oath, since they swear by the king’s beard), and of gait royally imposing; he strode the earth, not with affected majesty, but with the innate dignity of oriental metaphor, “a god! a god!” Simply habited, I saw nothing in the way of distinction, but that the handle of his majesty’s dagger sparkled with brilliants, and when the imperial clay was seated on the chair, “the cannons bruited it to the heavens.”

His subjects, who live on his breath and are dependent on his will, now wait the royal pleasure, which was announced by the call of “calleon;” this the pipe-bearer presents on his knee; the king taking three whiffs of the odoriferous weed, returned it with the same ceremony. The doctor was then summoned, and reverentially bowing at stated distances, was admitted to audience some ten yards off, since it is never permitted to approach nearer the royal person, not even for the issue of his own loins. Successively Ali Shah and others were thus honoured; and, after a short conference, his majesty re-strode with equal grace to the “gulistan.”

“His most despotic majesty” has been renowned for the clemency of his government. Order, peace, and contentment reign throughout his dominions. Civilization has wonderfully progressed since the reign of his predecessor, “Agha Mahomed Khan,” when it would have been dangerous for the “ferengy” stranger to appear at the evening salaam.

No. 2.—*Mirza Aboo Thaloub.*

The lassitude of the Tehran climate in August (95 Fahrenheit in the shade), induces disease, which sometimes engenders death; and a six weeks’ stretch on my mattress had prostrated my strength, and almost converted me into “food for worms;” but nature rallied, and the God of nature had decreed that my bones should not undergo Persian calcination.

The table-land on which this city is planted, subjects it to a sort of vertical exposure, from which one is almost tempted to “call on the rocks and mountains to cover” one; the inhabitants flock to the neighbouring villages, and at a distance of three hours only, an extensive range of them, called “Shemrun,” offers delightfully cool retreats to the sicklied stranger. At “Kand” the British elehee was encamped, whose courteous hospitality is so well known to all travellers. His majesty goes either to camp or retires to the “gulistan,” accompanied by some of his wives and courtiers. The bazaars are then almost the only districts occupied; and here the man of pelf would almost rather sink into the arms of Plague than yield his money-get-

ting occupation. But Death stalked horribly around us in the city; scarcely a morning but the howl was heard; the frantic cries of the women bespoke boisterous but not permanent grief; and the doleful signal of the moolah, who announces from the roof of the mosque, that another of Ali's followers had drank of "the sherbet of eternity;" the ear was daily dinned with the trophies of the great destroyer who "eats his millions at a meal."

I have often watched from the house-top the hasty ceremony of taking the corpse to its last home, and have mingled (in feelings, at least) with the widowed or the orphaned mourner—there comes home a heart-stricken conviction of that awful truth, "In the midst of life we are in death."

New blood was engendered in my system, and anointed with the oil of resuscitation, I sprang into my saddle, escaping, as it were, from a pest-house. Once more I opened my lungs when without the city walls, and breathed new vitality; as a bird out of the snare of the fowler did I feel my escape; and buoyant beyond my strength, I was prostrated again in the Khan at Cazvine, more than thrown back into my former physical imbecility. What was to be done? To be sickened in a Persian caravansary, where the only accommodation offered is a brick cell, twelve feet by eight, in a state of complete nudity; how ached my weary bones, as during a week's stay on my mattress, I sought every possible reclining position amidst diarrhetic inquietudes. This is a disease which, though not peculiar to, is prevalent in, this climate. I have no medical knowledge on the subject, but it appears to me to be an intestinal rebellion against even the necessities of life. "Not even water," said my good Mahomedan doctor, "will I allow you; and I will cure you in three days."

"May your shadow never be less," said I, wonderfully cheered by this promise; and he did so! My food and drink were prepared and sent from his own house twice a day; some decoctions of herbs were given; and what were the secrets of his art beyond this, I know not; suffice it that he cured or starved the disease. I felt inexpressibly grateful, knowing what a prejudice exists amongst the Musselmans towards the "Ghiaours," as they term us, whom some would rather leave to rot than to recover; and his daily visits at six in the morning, when, with long flowing robes and shining black beard, he squatted himself in my cell, taking care never to touch me, not even my pulse. Zhamet Kale my dekam hackim, ("I give you much trouble, Doctor.") "Not at all," said he, "I am your slave; all I have is yours."

Perfectly overwhelmed with both speech and kindness, I felt quite oppressed with obligation; but the Persians soon remove this nightmare from you—he had hinted to my attendant something from me in the way of "Pishkash." I was more than happy to get out of his debt, though I found it cost me more than would a London physician. Such was "Mirza Abas Thouloub," Huekim Bashi to the "Rooknah Dowleh," or "Prop of the State." Hippocrates has never reigned in Persia, or if he did, his family have wofully degenerated. Description fails to speak of medical ignorance, and the natives have great respect for any talent in this way. I was constantly inquired of at Tehran,

since all "ferengys" are supposed to be "Huckims;" and numerous veiled invalids came to my door "Nakoosh my sharam sahib." I could never decline the necessary inquiries, and had many a peep at a dark black eye, which otherwise to me would have remained obscured in its own orbit.

Sangrado-like, I ordered invariably bleeding and hot water.

The barber was sent for; the bath was prepared; and many a "zhamet" was I greeted with as the skilful "ferengy" doctor.

Never will I travel again in these countries without a box of pills and a lancet.

No. 3.—*The Meshedees.*

These are pilgrims, who, having made a visit to the saint's shrine, Imaum Reza, at Meshed, in Khorassan, are from thenceforth always thus styled; a sort of religious honour, of which the Persians are very tenacious. I met large parties of them on the "Khoftan Khu," the mountainous district which divides Adjerbijan from Irak; these were headed by some moolahs, and the train composed of sundry devotees, including females; and, what is more extraordinary, bearing with them the corpses of their deceased friends, to inter them in this consecrated ground, which is by some deemed indispensable to their admittance into Paradise—therefore the enormous expense and trouble incurred.* It is difficult to describe this motley assemblage of pilgrims, dead and living, under the banners of the prophet, since they bear his ensign floating over them, and, with a zeal unknown to the followers of the Messiah, thus show themselves devoted to the crescent; this pilgrimage is much insisted on by all good Musselmans. I find, in the different grades of society, that to be a *Meshedee*, or an *Hadji* (which is a still greater honour, belonging to those who have made the pilgrimage to Mecca), gives great importance. The merchant will sacrifice his gains, and the khan his rank, to be thus deemed a holy devotee of the prophet; it is not unusual to disinter bodies, after two or three years' corruption, to find them a home in this holy ground, and, what is more amusing, to become food, not for worms, but for *rats*, with which it is so infested, that they have scarcely time to make the deposits, ere the ravenous man-eater seizes the putrescence, threatening the living as well as the dead, which is lowered uncoffined into its last cell. I once found myself in the train of one of these corpses, being then conveyed to Meshed, and wedged amongst their motley group, the Moolahs occasionally chaunting from the Koran, and the way so densely occupied as for some time to enlist me on the way to pilgrimage as one of the followers of the profligate polygamist, who has done more to bind a world in his chains of darkness than any other permitted impostor; but they soon found me out, and I made a hasty retreat from their ranks.

Interment of the dead in Persia is very prompt; sometimes in a few hours after death the body is consigned to its last home. I often meet them at the gates of the city, preceded by the Moolah, and the

* These corpses are contained in long chests, reminding me of gun cases—there being one slung on either side of the horse; and on passing near them, the smell is most offensive.

passing stranger gives his shoulder to the load, so that there is no lack of bearers to take it to the grave. The Persians have a superstitious idea, that by performing this service, they merit the approbation of the prophet, and that they are thereby more eligible to Paradise; but they have been sometimes known to inter the living amongst the dead—or rather life has revived, discovered by soon after visiting the grave, when the body has been found in a different position from that in which it was placed. It is an ordinary custom amongst them to visit the graves of their deceased friends, particularly on the Sabbath eve (Thursday), where I often see groups of people uttering the most doleful lamentations, and bedewing with their tears the dry sod which they surround. They imagine the dead capable of *hearing*, but not of answering their plaints; thus, the new-made widow laments her tenantless carpet, vowing constancy to her weeds, and with boisterous grief deplores their separation. Children have I seen in seeming agonies; whilst the young devotee, occupied with the Koran, reads aloud its inspiring pages. I like these associations from the living to the dead, and also Young's idea that—

“ ————— each soul
That ever animated human clay,
Now wakes—is on the wing.”

During the devastating cholera of 1830, in Persia, it was impossible to inter the numerous dead, nearly 25,000 of the inhabitants of Tabreez alone having fallen victims to it; and, as described to me by an eye-witness—

“Terror was struck into the minds of the people; many were taken ill through fear, and died. Men, women, and children collected together in large companies, crying and beseeching God to turn away his judgments from them; this they did bareheaded and without shoes, humbling themselves, they said, because they knew they were great sinners. The air resounded, day and night, with their cries; at length all classes fled to the mountains, leaving the city quite deserted; the bazaars were shut up, and not a person to be seen in the place. In October of this year, the cholera raged the most furiously, and of the villages, half the inhabitants had been swept away; the corn was left unreaped; the cattle were wandering without owners, and famine seemed to be the inevitable consequence of the pestilence.” Interments could not take place; servants dropped at the thresholds of their masters, and evident proofs were offered that the disease was not infectious.

Near the different gates of the city is built up the “Nemaz Jah,” as they call it, or place of prayer. It is merely a raised platform of brickwork, on which the Mahomedans perform their morning and evening devotions, and the bodies are sometimes brought there to be prayed over previous to interment. Public devotion is the general practice amongst these people. It matters not any interruptions—the prostrations—the kneelings—the rapid play of the lips—all goes on with a seeming fervency, peculiar to the followers of Mahomet; and on Thursdays, the different gates have their Koran readers, proclaiming aloud the doctrines of the prophet.

What an ostentatious display this seems to be of religious profession,

and so different from *His* injunctions who commands us, "And thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet." I have always considered that religion, if it be merely external, is better than none at all; the want of these observances sometimes leads, not only to the neglect, but to the entire forgetfulness of God's worship. When shall we see the disciples of the Messiah proclaiming him in the market-places, or on the house-top? and, although he does not enjoin pilgrimages to Jerusalem, as the Mahomedans enjoin pilgrimages to Meshed, still why is the service so imperfectly observed, or seemingly the last duty thought of, as in nothing to compete with Mahomedan zeal?

No. 4.—*The "Tauj ee Dowleh."*

It was in the month of August that I was winding my way through the narrow streets of Tehran, to obtain a fresher respiration outside the walls than I could find within them, that my course was suddenly arrested by a troop of "Feroshs," with their long wands clearing the way, and with their menacing shouts frightening every poor wight that stood before them. "What is it?" I exclaimed to Gul Mahmoud. "The Tauj! The Tauj!" and with breathless haste, "Kebardar!" Scarcely uttered when the Feroshs were amongst us, one of whom turned me about suddenly to the wall to prevent my seeing the coming procession; another pommelled my poor fellow severely for daring to keep his stand with me, whilst all were shouting and clearing the way of every living animal, man and beast. I could compare it to nothing but the threatened coming of a wild bull, such was the general consternation. Placed in this position, I yet ventured to turn around for a peep at this wonderful "Tauj," but, alas! buried in shawls and in rich oriental embroidery, I could form no idea if it was male or female clay on the horse, since they both use the same saddles. A boy richly habited, and his steed sumptuously caparisoned, preceded this "Crown of the State" (such is the title of the "Tauj ee Dowleh," or the King's Head Wife). Then followed some ladies of the household, all in rich wrappers of crimson or gold colour, sparkling with Asiatic finery. In the midst of them came the Tauj herself; her principal distinction consisting in the richness of her shawls, and the splendid housings of the horse bestriden by her, and accompanied by the black eunuch, whose vigilant eye, lest any one should glance at the wrapper even which enveloped his fair charge, bespoke the trusty keeper of the harem; the train was brought up by a motley group of attendants—I should think about a hundred altogether; the Tauj was returning from the "Gulistan," or Rose Garden, which was her favourite summer residence; and except on these extraordinary occasions, none of the royal haremites are to be seen in the streets of Tehran. She was said to be the favourite wife of "Fattee Ali Shah," and to manage the affairs of the "Andaroon," which are by no means unimportant, since large sums are annually expended by her for the females who inhabit it; the number of these royal prisoners it is difficult to ascertain—I have heard them estimated at a thousand! but not long before my arrival they had been much thinned out, but whether from his Majesty's caprice, or from sudden qualms of avarice,

touching the expense, was not known. Suffice it that some of them were bestowed as wives on the Khans, being the most gracious mark of the royal favour. The "Tauj" was formerly the daughter of an obscure "Kiabab" cook at Shiraz, who kept a public eating-house for these Persian dainties; her brother, it was said, was then in the same profession. How she found her way to the royal favour, I know not; but she was esteemed to be a woman of talent—and a woman of taste, too, so far as English porter goes, of which she took her bottle daily. Such was the "on dit" of Tehran. How remarkably strong is the jealousy of the Persians that their females be not seen by any but their legitimate lords, I have seen numerous instances. The observance of this custom among the ancients of the East is first instanced in Rebecca covering herself with a veil at the approach of her affianced lord; and the observance of it is thus enforced in the 24th chapter of the Koran:—"And speak unto the believing women that they restrain their eyes, and preserve their modesty, and discover not their ornaments except what necessarily appeareth thereof; and let them throw their veils over their bosoms, and not show their ornaments unless to their husbands," &c.

'Tis perfect pollution to the female, they imagine, for any strange man's eyes to light upon her. I was coming into Sulimania very early in the morning, having made a night travel of it from Tehran, when I met the "Takht Revan" of one of the royal wives, in which she was being conveyed to that city. The "Takht Revan" is a machine built upon two poles, and suspended on the backs of mules—one before, and the other behind; it is sufficiently long to lay in at length, and high to sit up comfortably, reminding me more of a bier than any thing else, except that it is covered in, and so completely enveloped in curtains and wrappers, as to render it impossible to see the person within, even were they not cowled and coiled in shawl. "Buala!" cried out the eunuch and attendants, and clearing the way with menacing aspects. I was then so far off as to be almost insensible of what was coming, but the road must be cleared, and I had to go an inconvenient distance to avoid looking even at the wrapper which contained the royal prisoner.

What an absurdity does this appear to us! but unless the strictest attention be given by Europeans to this custom, their Persian travel might be much endangered. I was once riding round the walls of Tabreez, as was my wont, and suddenly I saw some horsemen galloping towards me. "Beru! Beru!" I inquired why? since this was a public path. But I must immediately go out of it—a daughter of the Shah, and then the "Caimacan's" wife, had fancied to promenade a little on this road, which must be entirely cleared for her royal presence. It is extremely rare that ladies of the court take these fancies; so looking round me I did get a glimpse of this diminutive branch of royalty, for so she appeared to be, but exercising all the dignity which short limbs and a robust frame would permit.

It were endless to narrate similar instances of Persian jealousy, as regards female seclusion. A Khan with whom I am well acquainted, and lately married, offered a large sum for permission to see his bride elect; but no! the seeing her would be deemed a sort of profanation;

and the case has sometimes happened in Persia of a Laban deceiving Jacob—who thought he had married “Rachel, and behold it was Leah.”

No. 5.—*The Eyd y Nu Rooze.*

Who can determine that knotty point, at what season of the year “the evening and the morning were the sixth day?” Even our immortal bard admits—“For man to tell how human life began—is hard.” The Persians contend for the 21st March, when the new year’s day is observed by them as their grandest festival of the year; then the relations of life are renewed (if I may so say), of family ties, friendly ties, and numerous other ties, known only on this day; then the sequestered haremite comes off her carpet, and bedizened in the costly trappings conferred by her lord, exchanges courtesies with other splendid prisoners—all happy in that seeming vacuity of existence which may be likened more to animal than to spiritual life. The men in the warmth of their congratulations extend it even to *two lips*; I must confess that I do not like this custom of bearding it—the intended seal of intercourse between the sexes. On this day, from the prince to the peasant, all must be happy, or at least appear to be so; the former receives gratulations, presents,—confers gifts, orders, governments—in fact, a renewal of the year in all its bearings—“*Eyd y Shuma nu Borak*,” and they seem inspired with the sensations of our first parents—“With fragrance and with joy my heart overflowed.” The servants are clothed in their new liveries, business is partially suspended, and the monarch, in regal array, is surrounded by his vassals, all of them offering some substantial proofs of their homage; and the “Shah Padi Shah,” in the midst of his numerous family, deigns to honour them with permission to approach “the dust of his Majesty’s feet.”

That the Persians should observe the new year in March, seems to me much more rational than the gloomy season chosen by the Europeans. Adam describes “each tree loaden with fairest fruit;” and I prefer the Mahomedan’s calculation of “when all things smiled.” At this season nature evidently renews her strength; the teeming earth bursts with her vegetable produce, and life quickens—even animal life; since it is notorious that the hitherto straightened tongue-strings become loosened at this period, and mothers hang over their babes for a spring salutation. And strange as it may appear (if it be no interpolation to my subject), that I have heard their language spoken as well *without a tongue* as with it. Now “the womb of nature teems—and the spirit of joy pervades all space.” In the cold frigid climate which we inhabit, I query if the sensations of delight can be so lively as under the animating rays of an oriental sun (I have often been told that I never saw the sun in my own country); the very juices of the veins which should bubble into joy are frozen in their course; and such is the power of the animal over the *mental* system, that the Persian (the Frenchman of the East) knows nothing of that torpidity and languor of the brain so peculiar to “the Englishman of the West.”

The “Nu Rooze” is distinguished by a series of fêtes which occupy

many days. Voluntary taxation to an immense extent are amongst its fruits in every shape—of shawls and horses, money and jewels. I have heard of an offering of an hundred thousand tomacens;—the royal dispensations to the inmates of the harem are made at this period, and the illustrious “Tauj ee Dowleh,” to whom the many hundred captives look for those favours, scatters in profusion her silks, brocades, velvets, &c., to an immense amount.

The ladies' toilet in this country is no inconsiderable item in his Majesty's expenditure; to feed an “overweening vanity,” which is the character of the Persians, who now compliment beauty as “a sweet-scented rose, that had never looked upon dust—a spring that had never been vexed by a cold blast,”—the “Eyd y Noorooz,” or the vernal equinox, was instituted by the fire-worshippers; it is also the anniversary of the elevation of Ali to the Califat—hence the great veneration of the Persians for its observance. It is amusing to see, when any royal gift is conferred, with what respect the receiver raises it to his forehead, and then kisses the same.

I do love respect for dignities—not that which degenerates into a slavish fear, and converts a rational creature into a Mandarin; but a religious loyalty unto the powers that be ordained, whether it be to the king as supreme, or “unto governors as unto them that are sent by him;” and the great Governor of all, who raises up kings for the benefit of his people, has implanted generally that love and fear which makes them obedient to authorities. Though I have seen the Asiatics fly at the presence of their sovereign, yet I deem the Persian peasant's a more enviable lot than the British artisan's, who, if once stimulated by democratic licentiousness, and red hot with this demon of delusion, is soon to be destroyed by the fabrications of his own smithy.

F. G.

THE BRIDEGROOM OF ETERNITY.

Woodstock, January 20th, 1840.

SIR,

In looking over the papers of my uncle, Charles T—— of —— College, Oxford, I found the accompanying one in a portfolio labelled “for future publication” *alone*. As I have not the power of publishing it otherwise than by the medium of a magazine, and wishing to fulfil the evident intention of my poor uncle, I venture to enclose a copy of it to you, with an earnest request that you would insert it, if you possibly can, before March 1st. On that day I sail to America, and should be glad if I could take such a memorial of my poor uncle to his family who are now residing at Boston. With regard to the paper itself, I hope and trust that his state of mind was not as he describes it, but that this particular paper was written during one of those states of morbid excitement to which he was liable. Pray, sir, excuse the trouble I am giving you; I know no Magazine which I would so willingly see it in as the Monthly, and there is none to whom, as far as

writings go, I would more willingly entrust it than yourself. With sincere apologies for so troubling you,

Believe me, sir, your obedient servant,

J. A. HERAUD, ESQ.

Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

W. T. C.

— College, Oxford, January 3rd, 1793.

I AM an old man now, and with me the waters of experience are fast flowing into the ocean of eternity. Little communion have I had with my fellow-men, and even that little has been full of sorrow and bitterness. Entering college in the very hey-day of life, I sought with avidity the living fruit of knowledge; but I sought it in the gardens of the dead, and what wonder if it turned to ashes on my lips. Many were my friends, at least many so called themselves; but I was rich, and the rich never want friends. I shrank from the cold selfishness of society, and felt not that I stood on the brink of a deeper precipice—the selfishness of retirement. I saw it not, and fell, and thenceforth became an isolated wretch, a thing wrapped up in its own nothingness:—a Christian, because all around were Christians, moral because immorality was inconvenient, charitable because too weak to resist importunity.

For me all is lost! for me, this side the grave no rest—no hope! Beyond it, a vague inanity, which my sluggish spirit dare not strive to fill up. Death or life are to me alike. I live as though I lived not, and when death shall hurl the dart which he has already lifted, I shall die as though I were to live no more. And yet even upon me have the light and warmth of friendship shed their beams—the sunny smile of youth hath pierced my spirit's inmost recesses, and for a short moment the frosts of selfishness have flowed into the warm streams of human sympathy. Once those beams were frequent; they have long—long ceased to shine; and in their stead, darkness palpable and eternal ice. Are these tears that glide down my furrowed cheek? Shame upon my weakness! I had deemed their fountain was for ever dried:—but they will flow no more; they are the last dewdrops of humanity flowing into a world whose sympathies were with all but me. I could tell the tale of the woes that blasted my being, but the cold world would only mock at me, and it shall not know. I might have done so once: in better days I wrote records of scenes which brought down heaven to earth—and yet—and yet that heaven had a fence around it, which bristled against me alone:—I saw and could not enter. I was very proud, and yet I begged its happy inmates for but a drop of its everflowing streams of warm joy; and they spurned me—yet not all: a few—a very few sought me out in my desert solitude, but the waters that were joy to them were gall to me. My taste was palled, or they were miserably cheated—I know not which. A future world may perchance disclose it—but I cannot. I kept these records once—they are useless now—to me worse than useless—gall and wormwood. I cast them from me into a world deceiving and deceived. They may pour balm into a wounded spirit, or give the last blow to a broken heart; which, I care not. Be happy they who list—my happiness is in the curelessness of woe. When these papers, which no man's hand

save my own has touched, shall see the day, the waters of life will have closed over a weary swimmer in their dull expanse, and the depths beneath may have revealed somewhat to his spirit—more misery they cannot reveal. I shall sink calmly into the gulf, more calmly perchance than the Christian, to whom men say all joy opens beyond the tomb, for he has love and life, hopes and fears, joys and delight—all to lose, and I have—nothing.

The Bridegroom of Eternity! they were his own words, even when death was just rending in sunder the veil that hides life's nothingness. But he rejoiced to depart, for this side the grave there was nought for him, save the bitter memory of a too happy past. Poor Willie! his years had been few indeed, but he was grey in experience. It is but three years since he entered my college, with life and joy before him, and now—he lies pale and cold in the room where we have so often talked of pleasure to come, and strewed life's thorny path with imagination's fadeless flowers; yes, we talked of joy *together*, for I then could, at times, think of joys in store for me—for me; my name and joy together! The bitter laugh of despair is rising within me at the thought. But I may not laugh *now*, for he—Poor Willie!

Oh! how well can I remember even now—now when the cold dews of death are upon his brows, the first time I looked upon his sunny smile. I knew him not, but I loved him for his smile; smiles were plenty around me, but none like his. He was much my junior, yet I sought his acquaintance. I, who never smiled, sought him who was all smiles. It was strange, at least all around thought, and said so; yet why strange? We all seek that which we have not; why should I not seek his beaming smiles? I loved him, and he returned my affection with warm and openhearted confidence. He spoke to me of love—the faithful love of woman—*faith and woman*; how I should scoff at the thought *now*! and yet when I heard him speak, I could not but believe:—he spoke to me—the cynic—the sceptic—the scoffer of earnest prayer, of trust in God, and of his never-failing providence, and I—mocked not; nay, I—the sceptic—the scoffer—listened to *him*, and—believed. He loved, deeply, earnestly loved, and he was beloved again; but they were both poor—he and she who swayed his whole being, and he was come to wring from the hands of science and of classic lore the dross for which alone the world sells its comforts; he was come to drag down the beautiful, the noble, the generous from their heavenly thrones and coin them into—money! And yet with *him* it was not quite so, for the brightness of his buoyant spirit cast a halo of glory even around his struggles for subsistence; an immortal soul struggling for daily bread! He, too, felt the bitterness of the trial, but it was sweetened by his exceeding love. Oh, how often have I listened breathlessly to his gentle voice, as he poured forth to me the raptures, the very madness of his adoration. I thought him but an enthusiast *then*; I think *now* that he must have been *mad*—none but a madman could have built so trustfully on woman's faith and woman's love.

Three long years had he wrestled with the high phantoms of the past, and wrung from them all the treasures of their wisdom; the wisdom to others so cold—so miserable; to him so warm—so gentle—so

noble ; for he had cast around the dry skeleton the bright garment of his own love, and himself had clothed the bare bones with living flesh, and breathed into them the breath of life and love. He was dying ! the spirit and the flesh maintained in him perpetual conflict, and the body was fast yielding. Day by day he became more altered ; his step was less light and gay, but he became more deeply spiritual. The torch within burnt more brightly as the casket which contained it wore away. The lady of his love was in a distant land. He had not seen her for years, and heard but rarely from her—he was upheld by his ever buoyant hope *alone*.

The time of his trial was near, when his labours were to be crowned with their due reward. As yet every honour in the university had been his ; acknowledged by all the best scholars of his time, he had nothing to fear, and waited calmly for the result. It was a glorious May evening when he entered my room after one of the long solitary walks with which he was wont to relieve the weariness of his labours. The day following was the first day of his examination, and he had protracted his walk far beyond the usual time. As he entered he brushed hastily away a starting tear, and sat down near the open window in silence. The May moon was pouring its full effulgence over hill and dale, and Oxford's grey towers were drinking in a new spirit from its gentle beams. A few moments he remained in unbroken silence ; at last he spoke, but in a lower and more subdued tone than I had ever heard him do before, " Charles, I feel as though I had loved too deeply for a perishable and dependent creature." I answered not, and he proceeded : " I saw the sun set behind the hills to-day, and I thought how soon I might set behind the dim horizon of time ; at the farthest how near we are to our setting ; and I strove to pray that *that* lesson might be deeply grafted in my heart, deeper than it yet had been. But my spirit was with her and not with God. I looked up to the darkening sky, over which the red wings of the sunset were still spread, and I sought, through those clear heavens, to raise my spirit to my Maker, and I could not. All things around reflected *her* alone, but God was not there. The moaning winds, the odorous breathings of the opening flowers of night, the pale stars, the dark blue heavens, all spoke the same, all breathed her adored name. I was sick with love, yet I wept at its exceeding emptiness ; mortal love, unsustained by the eternal God ! As is the slender tree bending beneath the weight of its own fruit, and no man near to support it, so was finite love struggling to fill an infinite spirit, and God not near to clothe its weakness with his own infinity. The shadow of her sway deepened over me, until I beheld in the universe but *one* being in whom was centred every thought. Oh, but such love is a fearful thing ! It is as though one were in Paradise, upheld by a thin line that ever threatened to break. It was not that I had forgotten God, but I saw him in the light of her exceeding loveliness ; the infinite in the finite ! Pray for me, friend, pray deeply—earnestly, that the reed whereon I have leant may not be broken by a justly jealous God. Pray for me that I may sanctify my mortal love by His immortal presence."

He knelt in prayer, and I beside him. I know not why I knelt ; it

was not for prayer. We were in solemn silence. He rose, and seemed calmed. "I was thinking," he said, "how many accidents might prevent our union, and I wept in the bitterness of the thought. But, praise be to God! who sent his angel, I *knew*, that however that should betide, we should be united in heaven to part no more."

How I could mock in that hour, I know not; but I said bitterly, "In heaven they neither marry, nor are given in marriage." He seemed not to mark the bitter irony of my tone, but answered me calmly and gently, "Oh, no! the hot breath of passion is far from the heavenly unions; in heaven they do *not* marry, neither are they given in marriage. Passion is of the earth, earthly; but as surely as I know that my Redeemer liveth, so surely feel I that those souls, the pulses of whose being beat together upon earth, are destined for an everlasting union in heaven; the communion of spirits; the perfecting of either nature with that which it lacked; the filling-up of the gentleness of woman with the proud boldness of manhood; the calming the pride of man with the exceeding gentleness of woman. Of such as these is the union in heaven; and such, if on earth we be not united, will be ours. In this, henceforth, shall be the strength of my love, for God hath given it to me."

He ceased, and we separated; he to the rest of calm confidence and serene joy, I to the sleepless slumber of an anxious and perturbed spirit.

That night a dream of desolation was upon me. The bright moon, on which we had so lately gazed, was before me still, silvering hill and dale with its pallid beams; but there was a fearful tremor in the air; the breezes sighed sorrowfully as they passed along, and mournfully the dark leaves rustled. I looked, and a black cloud was drifting in the distance; slowly it spread over the face of the heavens, and the stars one by one sank beneath it. Even the bright moon at length was hidden. Then, methought a pale figure sped across the heavens, and its eyes were veiled with its own bright wings, and it spread its thin hands abroad, and cried aloud, "Death! death!" and all nature shook, and every leaf and blade of grass, and every odorous flower waved mournfully, and their echo was still "Death! death!" I woke with excess of pain—I started—for Willie was weeping by my side.

"She is dead!" the words choked in his throat, and he rose hastily and left me alone.

"She is dead!" I repeated, "and fled are all his bright hopes,—torn asunder is the silver cord, and broken the golden bowl; fled is the dream of love, and for ever! Her beautiful form is gone—gone, and the worm will nestle in her golden hair, while he shall fruitlessly mourn over vanished hopes and profitless love." I dressed quickly, and went in search of him; he was nowhere to be found, and I waited in restless anxiety, fearing for his unrestrained despair. But he was safe; for the angel of the God in whom he trusted was with him.

It was late when he returned. The moon was up and at the full, and its pale, moveless beams seemed to calm all grief into resignation. He entered my room, and reclined, as fatigued, upon a couch. His face was very calm, but so pale, and the silvery moonbeams circled like

a halo around it. Had I believed in spirits, I might have fancied him one then, so utterly had all vestige of humanity faded from him.

"I have seen her," he said, solemnly; "she has not forgotten me."

"You are ill," I replied; "your fancy is disordered; were it not better that you sought repose?"

"I sleep no more," he answered; "no more on earth. She has called me hence, and God in his mercy has confirmed the summons. It was no fancy. I stood alone beneath the moonlight, and prayed for my deliverance,—and I was heard. Suddenly, by some mysterious spell, all earthly things fled from me, and my eyes were turned inwardly upon mine own soul, and she was there within my spirit. I felt her presence. Another might have deemed it but a passing *thought*; but I knew her spirit was upon mine. She was around and within me; one mighty, overwhelming presence; I was under one strong, irresistible influence. And that presence spake within me; it told me of higher hopes, of a purer union, and of a better world; it called me thither, from earth to heaven. And all was past. I saw again the pale moonbeams over all the earth, and the bright stars again glittered in their courses, and warm breath was upon my cheek; it was her spirit as it parted from me, and I was alone. Earth and sky—flowers and trees—hopes, fears, cares, troubles, were no more in his spirit—God had sent *his* peace, and I saw in death only the passage through which he had gone before me, and through which I must follow. I am trembling on the verge of eternity, and again I tell you that there is union in heaven. I have broken the bonds of earthly love, with its wild passions and its bright ecstasies. Earthly love hath, indeed, wondrous bliss, and mighty were the throes that tore it from my bosom; yet it is but the struggle of two divided spirits for union, which may never be on earth; but in heaven it shall be so. We shall no more be two, but one spirit—one in every thought, and hope, and fear, if, indeed, beyond yon calm blue pavilion there be hopes and fears. Earth is vanishing fast; my sight is failing me. Old things are passing away, and all things becoming new. Friend, yestere'en thou saidst, in heaven there was no marriage. Our spousals were upon earth, but our union shall be consummated in heaven. I am *the bridegroom of eternity*." He smiled faintly—a gentle sigh, and the broken-heart was at rest; the spirit had passed to its eternal home.

I think they were united in heaven.

AN HOUR AT THE ECCALEOBION,

OR, THE ARTIFICIAL MADEIRAS.

"THERE is very little to be seen in London just at this season, my dear Emma," said I; "but if you will wrap up yourself warm, I will take you to see *the chickens* in Pall Mall, or, as Mr. Bucknell has called it, *The Eccaleobion*."

"*The chickens!* my dear uncle; why, what can you mean by that?" said my young and extremely pretty niece, who was come to pay me a visit from Berkshire; "but I will put myself under your guidance,"

she added, "and as the day is rather sunny, and warm for the time of year, I think the ride will do me good."

As my little favourite was cloaking herself up, and crossing her sable boa over her delicate bosom, for the proposed excursion, I could not help mentally exclaiming, "What a cursed climate this must be, which endangers the health, nay, even the life, of such a number of young fair beings, with frames so slight, and lungs so tender, that one knows not how to manage them. This ride now up to town, may, perhaps, increase Emma's cough, and help to bring on that foul fiend, *Consumption*, which has already carried off a couple of her sisters, and is, I fear, very likely to leave my sister *childless* and desolate in her old age, and myself, bachelor as I am, not much the happier for losing my playmate, my nurse, and my companion altogether, in the person of my niece, Emma Blackburn! She certainly coughs more than usual, and, as I live, has that bright, delusive spot on each cheek, somewhat like that glow the sun is sure to paint the clouds with, just before its *setting*. I believe I must run off with her to the *Madeiras*, where she can breathe more freely."

"My dear uncle, I am ready," exclaimed Emma Blackburn, tripping lightly into the room. I sighed heavily as I beheld her. Beautiful she looked in her new black velvet bonnet, lined and trimmed with pale pink satin, but there sat the two *oracular* pink spots also, speaking of incipient disease, and finally the tomb.

It took about an hour, our drive from Blackheath to Pall Mall; the windows were kept closed of my carriage, so we stepped into *The Eccaleobion*, without any injury, I believe, to my tender and beloved charge, who, on our way there, had asked me to give her an explanation of the term, which I told her I believed was derived from two Greek words, namely *Εκκαλέω*, *I bring forth*, and *Βίος*, or *life*, meaning that the machine there employed for hatching eggs, *brings forth life*.

It is unnecessary to describe the machine invented by the intelligent proprietor: it is enough to say that it is an oblong wooden box, about nine feet in length, covered, except at the doors, with cloth, and divided into eight compartments with glazed doors. Eggs of different kinds of birds, but more especially of *chickens*, lie in one or more of these, neither covered with flannel nor immersed in sand, and are there hatched by artificial means, to the amount of more than a hundred daily; they are then put into another chamber of the machine, where they are provided with proper food and warmth; a day or two after they are transferred to another, and then another, each graduated in its temperature to their peculiar state, until they can bear the external atmosphere, when they are placed, healthy and chirping, in great quantities together, to shift for themselves. But to judge of the *Eccaleobion*, and the ingenuity of its life-preserving power, it must be seen. My pretty niece was much delighted with the whole exhibition; had one or two eggs opened for her, to show her the different stages of the incubation, and amused herself some time in watching a little healthy chick emancipating himself from the imprisoning shell, and tottering out to full light and life, bold and strong as an infant Hercules. The egg of a tortoise too, nearly hatched, interested her much, as she was

allowed to take it in her hand, and rattle its hard, shelly little form, as yet unborn, in her ear.

On inquiry, I found that by this process, all eggs, if perfect and healthy, must be duly hatched, as is frequently not the case under the parent-bird, who, by alternation of heat and cold, by unsteady sitting, often addles her eggs; the embryo, in such cases, partially develops itself, but dies away before the full period of incubation. Here, all being regulated by unerring science, no accidents of this kind can occur, and when the little creatures have burst forth, they are not exposed to the many enemies they have to encounter in the farm-yard, but eat, sleep, and thrive in safety.

Whilst Emma was fondling a couple of handsome cats, who were performing the part of foster-mothers to about a score of young chickens, just taken out from the machine, but still coveting a little warmth, which they obtained by nestling under the legs and in the bosoms of the cats, skipping about upon their heads, and pecking their sides and tails, I entered into conversation with Mr. Bucknell, the inventor of the whole apparatus, and as the matter of our discourse was, I conceive, of great importance, I will give the heads of it as shortly as I can.

"You have improved very much, my good sir," said I, "upon the Egyptian *mammals*, or ovens for hatching of chickens, that we have read so much of, and even on those experiments under the direction of M. de Reaumur, of the French academy; all your little nurslings appear to be in perfect health, and some of them nearly ready to lay more eggs for you to put into your machine, that you may hatch their descendants. Now it has this moment struck me, that under your scientific management, of course assisted by sensible and skilful medical men, a place might be constructed, where delicate-lunged *human creatures*, like my niece there, might have the benefit of a warmer atmosphere during our dreadful winters, or as long as might be judged expedient, and derive as much good there as if they visited the *Madeiras*, or Southern Italy. What is your opinion, sir?"

"That the thing is perfectly practicable, and would save thousands from an early grave, if it could be begun and carried on with spirit," answered Mr. Bucknell. "I would engage to make a large suite of apartments, fit for a national establishment, with public libraries, dormitories, and musical saloons, &c. &c. quite as sanitary to delicate, consumptive people, as this room is to the offspring of chickens, turkies, &c. We only want *the means*, that is, public encouragement, and parents would no longer have to deplore the premature loss of their sons and daughters, one after another, as is often the case now in families, by that bane of our changeable climate, called *decline*."

"Why is not such a desideratum immediately set about?" cried I, glancing as I spoke at Emma, who was inspecting, at that moment, with a microscope, an egg which had been broken after twelve days of incubation, showing the orbits of sight now fully developed, and the ribs of the future bird perfected. "Oh!" thought I, "if I could place that beloved girl in such a sanctuary during half the year, we should not, I am persuaded, lose her, but as it is—" and I warmed in the contemplation of her, and in my wishes to promote such a scheme

for the preservation of so many young, fair creatures, all fading away, like hot-house plants exposed to the inclemency of a northern climate.

"It shall be done, Mr. Bucknell," exclaimed I, seizing and buttoning up my great coat, "I will go at once and consult my friend, Dr. Elliotson, that able and unprejudiced physician; he shall give us his advice and support; taking the medical charge of our artificial Madeira. We will have a resident surgeon to superintend all the arrangements, so that our inmates may be classed according to their peculiar state; and I know a young medical gentleman just fit for the thing, who being delicate himself in his health, would like, no doubt, to avail himself of the delightful temperature, you, Mr. Bucknell, would provide by your warm and genial air. What think you, sir, of the Colosseum, to begin with?"

"It would do very well as a place of experiment," answered Mr. Bucknell, "but we should want it much enlarged."

"Oh, no doubt," answered I, "we must have commodious sleeping and private apartments, as well as public rooms; but all those pretty sights there, the Swiss cottage, the panorama, the fountain, and the conservatories, might remain to amuse our beloved inmates, who, some of them, especially the females, must have their friends and mothers with them. All these arrangements, of course, Mr. Bucknell, would be duly considered, and all the proprieties strictly attended to, that *moral* health should not be endangered, whilst we are seeking to preserve the physical. We shall want a patron, and ought to have the Queen, which no doubt we shall, if we can *get at her*, to make her understand our plan; but in the meantime, what do you think of laying it before the Marquis of Lansdowne, who, out of the sea of politics himself, is ever ready to promote the good of his fellow-creatures? With his name, we shall soon get a sufficient number of shareholders, who, I doubt not, even as a matter of money speculation, would soon get most ample interest for their investment."

Mr. Bucknell smiled at my enthusiasm, and observing that my niece looked fatigued, I took my leave of him, promising to see him again soon on the subject. But as we must begin *somewhere*, I sat down, on my return to Blackheath, and put down on paper, an account of the hour I spent at the *Eccaleobion*, with the fixed determination not to let the matter rest there. I have a thousand pounds now lying unemployed, and am quite willing to embark that sum in an undertaking in which so much positive good may be derived; and although in the early stage of the experiment, only the rich could be benefited there, who could afford to pay for their admission into our Arcadia, where no rude blast would be permitted to intrude until summer gales were blowing, yet there is still hope that should this one answer our expectation, temporized hospitals, or sanitories rather, would be built, in which the poor might be sheltered and preserved, carrying on their various avocations within the walls of their protecting *arks*; and how pleasing would it be, to carry on the metaphor, to behold the young, fair creatures (for consumption generally attacks the loveliest, at least, so it seems to me) emerging from their ark of refuge, when the tempest has ceased to rage, and the frost to exacerbate, coming out in the month of May, like the young blossoms,

and to find that the plague amongst them was stayed, at least until the approach of another English winter, when their old quarters could be sought, or their lungs be rendered strong enough to combat with its keenness.

* * We consider our correspondent's letter of so much importance to thousands of hapless victims, suffering under that dreadful malady, consumption, that we readily insert it. We concede to the writer that the principle which produces (develops) life at the Eccaleobion, is identically that which would be most effectual in its preservation. The proposal, we trust, will be immediately carried into effect.

LEIGH HUNT'S PLAY,* AND THE COVENT GARDEN MANAGEMENT.

THIS drama is quite refreshing after Bulwer's blasphemies. What liar was it who declared that dramatic genius in England was dead, and that only he remained to redeem it? Have we not yet poets, whose energies, long exercised, are not yet exhausted, and others who have shown themselves well skilled in the accomplishment of verse, and are fast rising into artists? Yes—thanks to the everlasting Muses! thanks and praises! Poets! and let no man who begins not his literary career as a poet attempt the drama! It is the one condition of success. Shakspeare was a poet ere a writer for the stage—Scott a poet before he became a novelist. The proseman lacks what after-study cannot give. It is utterly impossible now that Bulwer ever can write a good play, simply because he never can become a good poet—or rather a poet at all.

This is the *rationale* of the whole case—and any one who controvenes the position assumed, declares thereby his total incapacity for the argument at issue.

Mr. Leigh Hunt, though much ill-used by those who have since apologised for their bad conduct, began life as a versifier, and grew up into a poet of exceeding delicacy and sweetness. The production before us is distinguished by all his excellencies, and very few of his defects. It was originally offered to Mr. Macready during his management, and though infinitely superior to any thing that gentleman has yet produced (including the *Mary Stuart*), was rejected. We mean not to speak ill of *Mary Stuart*; we have already given it its due measure of praise—but, nevertheless, its faults are monstrous, and its merits altogether artificial. Its artificialities, however, probably recommended it to Mr. Macready, who must now be looked upon as the patron of the *artificial* school. True and genuine poetry makes him shudder—it puts to flight all his stage conventionalities—it sets the author above the actor—and, therefore, he will have none of it. Pity—pity! We weep for him, and for what he has left undone—having promised so much.

* A Legend of Florence, a play in five acts. By Leigh Hunt. London: Moxon, 1840.

He promised too much. To him is due the regeneration of the stage—the redemption of the drama belongs to the poets.

Mr. Leigh Hunt's drama justifies us in what we sometime ago said as to the superiority of the rejected. We know of other specimens, some equal, others almost equal in excellence, and all the work of true poets. We thought of publishing one or two of these in whole or in part—but as this proceeding might injure the chance of their being acted, we therefore refrain for a while.

It seems that the Covent Garden management are thoroughly alive to the absurdities of the Macready system of favouritism; that they behave with the greatest politeness to authors; and are resolved to prefer the poet to the play-wright and the novelist. This principle, well acted out, will make the era of their management a blessed epoch; and while they continue in it, and do their best to promote it, they shall receive the guerdon of our approbation.

Mr. Leigh Hunt bears willing testimony to the kindness with which he, the author of a Macready-rejected play, has been treated. "I cannot help," he says, "taking the first opportunity of saying, how delightful has been the intercourse it has occasioned me with my new friends the performers, from the moment when the fair manager first held out to me her cordial hand, down to the last pleasant interchange of jest and earnest during the business of rehearsal. In all my life I never met with a reception, on all sides, so full of what is most precious to an anxious author,—willingness to hear, promptitude to decide, an absence of every species of insincerity and mystification, and, what has particularly touched me, a generous encouragement to proceed in my new efforts, even should the first have tried the philosophy of every party concerned, by proving unsuccessful. When authors are treated in this manner behind the curtain, and the public see what is done to please them by indefatigable attentions to every propriety of the stage, no wonder a sense of cheerfulness and abundance is associated with the idea of Covent Garden Theatre in the general mind, and that Madame Vestris, night after night, has seen her larger house fill as the smaller did, in spite of those who had begun to think large houses impracticable, and of the hostility even of that late pertinacious anti-playgoer, the bad weather."

Now for the play itself. Have we not said more than once that literature, as literature, fights the battle of morals *versus* manners? How often is fidelity to the symbol, treason to the idea! In all cases of martyrdom for man's regeneration, conscience has had to eliminate itself from convention. Excellent is convention, but more excellent is conscience. Excellent is convention when representative of conscience—but bestial, abominable, when its substitute. Yet to this what is called mere respectability attains only. Respectable is the wight who keeps a gig—respectable is the actor who never trespasses on the boundary of theatric proprieties—respectable is any man who is neither above nor below the ordinary standard of character and conduct. Mediocrity and respectability mean the same thing—inoffensive enough, if not ostentatious of merit—but if claiming even to be only good enough, remarkably offensive. Let not mere respectability boast—for it has nothing to boast of. It takes whatever it can get;

it gives nothing, having nothing to give. It makes no sacrifice, and has no motive thereto—but keeps on the winning side of things—looks to its own safety—and if it be prudent, will not interfere with that of others.

But there is an imprudent respectability. Respectability is imprudent when, instead of remaining negative, it would affect to be positive—when, instead of being a very little thing, it would claim to be all things—instead of a small part, the great whole. No virtue, as we have said, resides in respectability, if the higher, quickening principle be wanting. It is nothing but disguised selfishness. It is utterly wanting in love.

Francesco Agolanti, a noble Florentine, was a respectable man, such as convention makes a man. Noble by birth—rank—station—accidentally noble, but not essentially so. In nature, he is only a “fellow,” nothing more.

“Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow.”

And he wanted the worthiest of things without which nothing can be worthy—a true, confiding, unselfish love; *love that casts out all fear*. Rightly, therefore, is he called by Cesare Colonna, a fellow. Something denotes it to the said Colonna, though a stranger to Agolanti, even in his external bearing; “a lavish courtesy and a close eye.” Da Riva defines him—

“That fellow,
As you call him, is one of the most respectable men
In Florence. *Men*, do I say? one of the richest
And proudest nobles; of strict fame withal,
Yet courteous; bows to every one, pays every one—
(Oh, villain!)—flatters every one; in short,
Is as celestial out of his own house,
As he is devil within it.”

He has no “household grace,” sneaking or other, and what grace he has “is not sneaking.”

“In all, *except a heart, and a black shade*
Of superstition, he is man enough!”

Our dear Hunt, we are afraid that the words we have italicised, are not strictly grammatical—or if so, not expressive of thy meaning. Hast thou not made the word *except* do double duty? We know thou hast. The black shade of superstition, unfortunately, is not to be excepted, but incepted, among his attributes. Agolanti is man enough, in all “except a heart, and the white light of pure religion.” The black shade of superstition sits heavily upon him. He substitutes the conventions of the religious spirit for the religion itself. He is a man of rites and ceremonies.

Thus incapable of the spiritual in love and in religion, he has, nevertheless, married—married a lady whom another had truly and spiritually loved; who, when she was wedded, still loved her spiritually, and no otherwise. Carnal passion stained not his love’s purity—when Ginevra was wedded to another, he was well content to cherish her memory, as his soul’s wife. Ah! but Ginevra was wedded to a tyrant—she was unhappy. A husband, not jealous, so much as sus-

picious, was wasting her to death—she was dying. Could he know all this and be calm? No, he must interfere; he writes to her—to him. The husband and the lover meet.

Enter AGOLANTI.

Agolanti. I recognise the Signor Rondinelli;
And in him, if I err not, the inditer
Of a strange letter.—He would speak with me?

Rondinelli. Pardon me. I am sensible that I trespass
On many delicacies, which at first confuse me.
Be pleased to look upon them all as summ'd
In this acknowledgment, and as permitted me
To hold acquitted in your coming hither.

I would fain speak all calmly and christianly.

Agolanti. You spoke of my wife's life. 'Twas that that brought me.

Rondinelli. Many speak of it.

Agolanti.

To what end?

Rondinelli.

They doubt

If you are aware on what a delicate thread
It hangs.

Agolanti. Mean you of health?

Rondinelli.

I do.

Agolanti.

'Twere strange,

If I knew not the substance of the tenure,
Seeing it daily.

Rondinelli. A daily sight—pardon me—

May, on that very account, be but a dull one.—

I pray you, do not think I use plain words
From wish to offend: I have but one object—such
As all must have, who know, or ever have known,
The lady,—you above all others.

Agolanti.

Truly, sir,

You, and these knowing friends of yours, or hers,
Whom I know not, might leave the proverb alone,
Which says that a fool knows better what occurs
In his own house, than a wise man does in another's.
Good Signor Antonio, I endure you
Out of a sort of pity: you understand me;
Perhaps not quite a just one. This same letter
Is not the first of yours, that has intruded
Into my walls.

Rondinelli. We understand each other
In some things, Signor Agolanti, and well;
In some things one of us is much mistaken;
But one thing we know perfectly, both of us,—
The spotlessness of her, concerning whom
We speak, with conscious souls, thus face to face.—
Signor Agolanti, I humbly beg of you,
Well nigh with tears, which you may pity, and welcome,
So you deny them not, that it will please you
To recollect, that the best daily eyes,
The wisest and the kindest, made secure
By custom and gradation, may see not
In the fine dreadful fading of a face
What others see.

Agolanti. Signor Antonio,—

When others allow others to rule their houses,
To dictate commonplaces, and to substitute

For long experience and uncanting love
 Their meddling self-sufficiency, their envious
 Wish to find fault, and most impertinent finding it,
 When this is the custom and the fashion, then,
 And not till then, will I throw open my doors
 To all my kind good masters of fair Florence,
 To come and know more in my house than I do ;
 To see more, hear more, have a more inward taste
 Of whatsoever is sweet and sacred in it,
 And then vouchsafe me their opinions : order me
 About, like some new household animal
 Call'd servant-husband, they being husband-gods,
 Yet condescending to all collateral offices
 Of gossip, eaves-dropper, consulting-doctor,
 Beggarly paymaster of discarded page,
 Themselves discarded suitor.

Rondinelli (Aside). Help me, angel,
 Against a pride, that, seeing thee, is nothing.—
 You know full well, Francesco Agolanti,
 That though a suitor for the prize you won
 (Oh ! what a prize ! and what a winning ! enough
 Surely to make you bear with him that lost)
 Discarded I could not be, never, alas !
 Having found acceptation. My acquaintance
 Not long preceded yours ; and was too brief
 To let my love win on her filial eyes,
 Before your own came beaming with that wealth,
 Which, with all other shows of good and prosperous,
 Her parents justly thought her due. For writing to her
 Since, with whatever innocence (as you know)
 And for any opinions of yourself
 In which I may have wrong'd you, I am desirous
 To hold my own will in a constant state
 Of pardon-begging, and self-sacrifice,
 And will engage never to trouble more
 Your blessed doors (for such I'll hope they will be)
 One thing provided.—Sir, it is,—
 That in consideration of your possessing
 A treasure, which all men will think and speak of
 (The more to the just pride of him that owns it),
 You will be pleased to show, even ostentatiously,
 What more than care, at this supposed sad juncture,
 You take of it : will call in learned eyes
 To judge of what your own too happy ones
 May slide o'er too securely ; will thus revenge
 Your wrong on ill mouths, by refuting them ;
 And secure kindlier ones from the misfortune
 Of being uncharitable towards yourself.

Agolanti. I will not suffer, more than other men,
 That wrong should be assumed of me, and bend me
 To what it pleases. What I know, I know ;
 What in that knowledge have done, shall still do.
 The more you speak, the greater is the insult
 To one that asks not your advice, nor needs it ;
 Nor am I to be trick'd into submission
 To a pedantic and o'erweening insolence,
 Because it treats me like a child, with gross
 Self-reconciling needs and sugary fulsomeness.

Go back to the world you speak of, you yourself,
True infant ; and learn better from its own school.
You tire me.

Rondinelli. Stay ; my last words must be heard.—
In nothing then will there be any difference
From what the world now see ?

Agolanti. In nothing, fool !—
Why should there ? Am I a painter's posture-figure ?
A glove to be made to fit ? a public humour ?
To hear you is preposterous ; not to trample you
A favour, which I know not why I show.

Rondinelli. I'll tell you.
'Tis because you, with cowardly tyranny,
Presume on the bless'd shape that stands between us ;
Ay, with an impudence of your own, immeasurable,
Skulk at an angel's skirts.

Agolanti. I laugh at you.
And let me tell you at parting, that the way
To serve a lady best, and have her faults
Lightliest admonish'd by her lawful helper,
Is not to thrust a lawless vanity
'Twixt him and his vex'd love.

Rondinelli. Utter that word
No second time. Blaspheme not its religion.
And mark me, once for all. I know you proud,
Rich, sanguine during passion, sullen after it,
Purchasing shows of mutual respect,
With bows as low, as their recoil is lofty ;
And thinking that the world and you, being each
No better than each other, may thus ever,
In smooth accommodation of absurdity,
Move prosperous to your graves. But also I know you
Misgiving amidst all of it ; more violent
Than bold, more superstitious ev'n than formal ;
More propp'd up by the public breath, than vital
In very self-conceit. Now mark me—

Agolanti. A beggar
Mad with detection, barking like his cur !

Rondinelli. Mark me, impostor. Let that saint be worse
By one hair's-breadth of sickness, and you take
No step to show that you would have prevented it,
And every soul in Florence, from the beggar
Up to the princely sacredness now coming,
Shall be loud on you, and loathe you. Boys shall follow you,
Plucking your shuddering skirts ; women forego,
For woman's sake, their bashfulness, and speak
Words at you, as you pass ; old friends not know you ;
Enemies meet you, friend-like ; and when, for shame,
You shut yourself indoors, and take to your bed,
And die of this world by day, and the next by night,
The nurse, that makes a penny of your pillow,
And would desire you gone, but your groans pay her,
Shall turn from the last agony in your throat,
And count her wages !

Agolanti. Death in thine own throat.

Rondinelli. Tempt me not.

Agolanti. Coward !

Rondinelli. All you saints bear witness !

[Cries of "Agolanti ! Signor Agolanti !"]

Enter Servants in disorder.

First Servant. My lady, sir.

Agolanti. What of her?

Servant. Sir, she is dead.

Agolanti. Thou say'st what cannot be. A hundred times I've seen her worse than she is now.

Rondinelli. Oh horror!
To hear such words, knowing the end!—Oh dreadful!
But is it true, good fellow? Thou art a man,
And hast moist eyes. Say that they served thee dimly.

Servant. Hark, sir.

[*The passing-bell is heard. They all take off their caps, except AGOLANTI.*

Rondinelli. She's gone; and I am alone. Earth's blank;
Misery certain.—The cause, alas! the cause!

[*Passionately to AGOLANTI.*

Uncover thee, irreverent infamy!

Agolanti (uncovering). Infamy thou, to treat thus ruffianly
A mute-struck sorrow.

Rondinelli. Oh God! to hear him talk!
To hear him talk, and know that he has slain her!
Bear witness, you—you of his household—you,
That knew him best, and what a poison he was—
He has slain her.—What you all fear'd would be, has come,
And the mild thread that held her heart, is broken.

Agolanti (going off with the Servants). Pietro, I say, and
Giotto! away! away! [Exit with Servants.

Rondinelli. Ay, ay; to justice with him! Whither with me?

[*Exeunt opposite.*

This scene, even as a piece of stage effect, is exceedingly beautiful. Stage effect! We dilate on this point, because it is the very one on which professional actors have been jealous of true poets—Mr. Macready, especially. They have no faith in a poet who has never set his foot behind the lamps. They should, for that reason, have all the more faith in him. The unhackneyed poet will make situations unthought of by the poor, wearied, conventional playwright. The *Legend of Florence* is a proof of this. Not only is all original in it, but almost all is new. The character of Agolanti is especially so. This is as it should be. The first poets had no exemplars in theatricalities—but became such by the force of genius. The true poet cannot construct a play incapable of being acted; and every true poet who has constructed a play, should be entitled to have it acted. Until he can demand this by law, the legislature has still something to do for the benefit of dramatic literature.

Poor Ginevra is buried—yet is not dead. Her husband's cruelty had only thrown her into a long trance. She rises again from the tomb, and haunts the streets by night. Her superstitious husband—her bargaining mother—shut the doors upon what they deem her ghost; but Rondinelli, better instructed by true love, gives her shelter. After five days, Agolanti comes to claim her. The patient saint would return, but the unrepentant husband shows himself in his true colours.

Agolanti. Who triumphs now? Who laughs? Who mocks at panders, Cowards, and shameless women?

Ginevra (bursting away from him). Loose me, and hearken.

Madness will crush my senses in, or speak :—
 The fire of the heavenward sense of my wrongs crowns me ;
 The voice of the patience of a life cries out of me ;
 Every thing warns me. I will *not* return.
 I claim the judgment of most holy church.
 I'll not go back to that unsacred house,
 Where heavenly ties restrain not hellish discord,
 Loveless, remorseless, never to be taught.
 I came to meet with pity, and find shame ;
 Tears, and find triumph ; peace, and a loud sword.
 The convent walls—Bear me to those—In secret,
 If it may be ; if not, as loudly as strife,—
 Drawing a wholesome tempest through the streets !
 And there, as close as bonded hands may cling,
 I'll hide, and pray for ever, to my grave.—
 Come you, and you, and you, and help me walk.

Agolanti. Let her not stir. Nor dare to stir one soul,
 Lest in the madness of my wrongs I smite ye,

Ginevra (to AGOLANTI). Look at me, and remember. Think
 how oft

I've seen as sharp a point turn'd on thyself
 To fright me ; how, upon a weaker breast ;
 And what a world of shames unmasculine
 These woman's cheeks would have to burn in telling.—
 The white wrath festers in his face, and then
 He's devilish.

Rondinelli. Will you let her fall ? She swoons.

[*He catches her in his arms.*]

Agolanti (turning to kill him). Where'er she goes, she shall not go
 there.

Colonna (intercepting him with his own sword). Dastard !
 Strike at a man so pinion'd ?

Agolanti. Die then for him. (*Strikes at COLONNA.*)

Diana and Olimpia. Help ! Help !

[*The doors fly open, enter GIULIO followed by Officer and Guard.*]

Giulio. 'Tis here ! Part them, for mercy's sake.

Colonna. Die thou. (*He pierces him.*)

Da Riva. He's slain ! What hast thou done ?

Colonna.

The deed

Of his own will. One must have perish'd, sir (*to Officer*) ;

One, my dear friend (*to DA RIVA*). Which was the corse to be ?

Da Riva (looking at it). There's not a heart here, but will say, 'Twas he.

[*Curtain falls.*]

This drama enforces a moral monition, which observed, will make marriage and religion the holy things they ought to be. Such minds as Mr. Leigh Hunt's have sometimes thought, or seemed to think, that the fault was in the institution, not in the individuals who abused it. All reform, to be good, must commence with the individual. Such an exhibition as this will *shame* bad husbands, and show them to be the monsters that they are. To the wives of such husbands, the law gives a protection, which preserves them from further wrong, that would be sure to follow but for it. The poetic moralist, however, was wanting to do that which law cannot reach. Mr. Leigh Hunt has now supplied the want, for which all good wives will bless him.

A critic, in nearly the best of the weekly journals, well observes, that " the subject here selected by the poet is a bold and trying one ;

it is the spirit of humanity, with all its love, its sweet life, and its yearning capacity of good, against the abuse of power, and the violation of sacred duties, and still more sacred rights. The mere formalist—trembling for the naked outworks of convention, and not daring to penetrate the morality that lies bleeding within, approaches the subject with a world of misgivings, and, looking upon social usage, as he has ever looked upon it, as a thing not to be investigated, but to be held in awe and mystery, he prohibits the theme, and shuts up his reason and his affections in a protest pregnant with more real danger to society, than can ever flow from the exposition of a wrong." To literature, in all its forms, belongs the privilege of such exposition, which, if it neglects to make, it forfeits its great office.

A word upon the acting of this play. Very fortunately the system of starring prevails not at Covent Garden. The drama supports the actors, rather than the actors it. Miss Ellen Tree performed the wife with much delicacy, and Mr. Anderson, the lover, with sufficient tenderness. The part of the husband was assigned to Mr. Moore, a gentleman whose education as an actor has proceeded in an amateur school, and who accordingly is free from the peculiar exaggerations of the stage, both in his elocution and his action. He very greatly improves in the performance of the part, and impresses us with the conviction, that when he shall have thoroughly taken wing, that he will soar a bold flight, and look the sun in his face at noonday. He has the great advantage of a good person, an excellent voice, and a quiet temperament. All that he does now, he does judiciously, and well—with a little practice he will do more.

LONDON AS IT WAS, AS IT IS, AND AS IT IS TO BE.

Reports from the Select Committees of the House of Commons on Metropolis Improvements; with the Minutes of Evidence and Appendix. 1836, 1838, 1839.

THERE are few subjects of greater interest, or even importance, than the history of the gradual rise and growth of a great city, especially of the capital of a renowned and mighty empire. The history of such a city is, indeed, that of the kingdom itself; of its advancement, of its most important events, and of its progress in civilization and in power. Such a city will probably abound with records and trophies of these, not only in its antiquities, and monuments, and temples, but also in the names of its different streets, which, in most cases, originated from some remarkable events which occurred in their vicinity, and by which they obtained celebrity.

If these remarks apply to the history of great cities in general, they do in a peculiar degree to that of London. It is, therefore, our intention to enter somewhat fully into this topic, while treating on that very important one which we have selected,—the examination of the different plans now before Parliament, for effecting an amelioration in the condition of London, not only as regards its architectural decorations and the improvement of its streets and thoroughfares, but its moral

and intellectual state, which will be largely affected by the projects under consideration.

At the present time, when improvement in every way is progressing, in art, in manufactures, and in our general social condition, that of the metropolis, the state of which necessarily exercises so vast an influence upon each of these, is a matter of the highest importance and of peculiar interest. Every individual in the kingdom may be said to be in some degree, more or less, affected by the condition of the capital, so extensive is the power which it possesses over every department of commerce, and every interest flourishing within these realms. Although residing hundreds of miles from it, and never intending to visit it—yet the manner in which its traffic is conducted, or in which intercourse is kept up, both between the different points of the town, and also with the various and distant parts of the empire, which are in constant communication with it—the moral and intellectual state of its masses—the condition of those who are either permanently or temporarily located within its walls (subjects to which the Reports under examination are more especially directed), are matters both of consequence and interest to the very humblest individual, who can hardly pass one hour of his existence without in some way or other availing himself of the conveniences afforded by our commercial prosperity. The vast importance of this subject to that immense mass of population whose constant residence is London, and to that large portion of the people of this country, who, by their different avocations, are frequently called there, is wholly unnecessary to point out.

Apart, however, from these considerations, drawn from the direct influence which the state of the metropolis exercises upon that of the nation, there are others not less to be regarded, because their effects may appear to be less directly experienced. The national glory—which every person is concerned in promoting, as one of the constituents of the national body—is extensively advanced by the grandeur of the metropolis, which is so constantly visited by foreigners, and the sensations produced upon whose minds, as regard their ideas of our real greatness and power, is of no mean importance to our influence among the nations of Europe. The general appearance and condition of London also operate in an important manner throughout the nation; in many ways the capital of every kingdom being, to a certain extent, adopted by the other towns as a model for them, not only as regards its architectural superiority, but in the general character and convenience of its public buildings and streets, the carrying on of business, and the means for the promotion of the intellectual, moral, and social condition of its inhabitants. The Reports of the Select Committees of the House of Commons, appointed to take into consideration the improvement of the metropolis, are, therefore, of the most momentous importance, and well deserving of our very serious consideration.

As regards the opinion to be pronounced of the actual grandeur and excellence of any city, this must, in a great measure, be determined by its comparison with the other principal cities that are contemporary with it; and it is by viewing London in this manner, that we are best enabled to form a correct estimate of its real importance and greatness.

In comparing London with Paris, which is its nearest rival, and in some points of character resembles it, though in many others the peculiar differences, and even contrasts between them, render this a matter of considerable difficulty—we may consider them each as the capital of a nation flourishing in the highest state of civilization and refinement, and in which the progress of improvement is exhibited in full vigour. Both have the advantage in situation of being placed on the banks of a great river; and which, while it enables London to carry on the most extensive commerce, to Paris it affords the opportunity of placing its public edifices in the most commanding and imposing position, and exhibiting them in all their grandeur—an advantage which London has neglected to make use of; though, as we shall have occasion hereafter more fully to point out, from the width of the Thames and its winding direction, it affords, in many respects, greater means for displaying buildings on its banks than the Seine does. The elevation of its banks is also greater, and the current of air more extensive. It is the position of her palaces and public buildings on the borders of the Seine, on each side the whole length within the barrier of the city, which form spacious and handsome terraces before them, that renders Paris, as a city, so striking at first view. Each building is seen to full advantage at once; and the gardens of the Tuileries and open spaces in that neighbourhood, with the numerous statues, and fountains, and groves, and triumphal arches, which are scattered about, produce a most enchanting effect. In all this, London is a complete contrast to Paris. Not only are the public buildings of London not placed in open spaces where they might be seen to advantage, or on the banks of the river, but the noblest edifices which adorn it, St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, are so choked up by houses as to prevent their being viewed, except very partially, unless close to them, and their value as public ornaments of the metropolis, nay, even their very existence, almost lost or annihilated. The banks of the river, so far from forming the noblest points of view in, or even contributing to the ornament of, our metropolis, are at present the very worst and most disagreeable parts within its precincts. Thus it would appear that the two most important considerations to be attended to in the design of a great city such as London, have been altogether neglected, or are at present quite lost sight of. Yet, notwithstanding all this, we cannot hesitate to give the palm of superiority to London, taken as a whole, over Paris. In the real grandeur and dignity of her public buildings, the size and structure of her streets and principal thoroughfares, the spaciousness and beauty of her squares—in all the essential qualifications which constitute the true claims to admiration of a great city, London, though at present suffering under these great disadvantages, decidedly surpasses her rival. It must also be admitted that the bridges of the Seine are not to be compared with those over the Thames, either for beauty or magnitude, though greater in number. Perhaps, indeed, there are points of view in Paris which, for beauty, surpass any thing that London can produce; but it is as a whole that we must give the preference to London in the contest for pre-eminence between these two great cities. It is only from the great and lamentable defects now existing in the latter, which

we trust the Reports under consideration will do much towards remedying, that the supremacy can be deemed in any respects doubtful. With all its excellencies, and they are many, Paris gives too much the idea of being built for effect, and to strike the eye. London, on the other hand, puts forth no such meretricious claims; and utility and convenience appear to have been the leading principles which directed its construction.

Brussels, although it has no fine river flowing through it, has many qualifications which entitle it to hold a high rank among the cities of Europe renowned for their beauty and grandeur. The inequalities of the ground on which it stands afford it advantages of which Paris is destitute, but which London possesses to an extent sufficient for producing those effects in architectural scenery arising from distant points of the town being visible together from each other, and the gradual fall of some of the principal streets, which contribute so much to the beauty of some cities. The public buildings of Brussels, those of more ancient date, including the splendid Hotel de Ville, and the old palace and other edifices standing together, and forming a magnificent square, and those of more modern structure, which are placed in the Park and the Place Royal, are seen to very great advantage; but being so congregated together, do not so much contribute to the general ornament of the city as if dispersed in different parts of it, as in London and Paris. Nor are they, with one or two exceptions, of the magnitude and beauty of many of the public buildings in those cities; though from the excellence of their position, they are seen to full advantage.

Frankfort, while it possesses but little to excite admiration in its public edifices, must be considered in many respects as one of the finest continental towns, from the space and grandeur of its principal streets, and the extreme beauty of its situation upon the banks of the Maine. In no city, perhaps, are the advantages afforded from a river flowing by it for placing its streets and buildings on its borders so well illustrated as at Frankfort. Though it can lay claim to nothing extraordinary from its magnitude or style of architecture, yet that part or street of Frankfort fronting towards the river, most of the houses in which are of the first order, cannot fail to excite the warmest admiration of every one who views it. From the elevation of its position on the rising banks, the street appears to the greatest advantage, as regards its height; while the broad quay between it and the river affords an ample space for surveying it, and all the conveniences of a spacious thoroughfare. The bending of the river causes the houses built upon its banks to run into the form of a crescent, instead of a straight line, which adds much to the beauty of their appearance.

To this position on a river, over which eight fine bridges are thrown, and on the banks of which the different public buildings are effectively exhibited, Dublin owes its beauty as a city. It is thus that both the streets themselves, and the several national edifices which are situated in them, are seen to the utmost advantage; and the effect produced by this combination of grand architectural objects is exceedingly striking. From the admiration which is bestowed upon these two last-mentioned great towns, we see how much may be gained by the situation being

on the banks of a river, and to how large an extent such an advantage might be availed of in the case of London, which is so happily placed, both as regards its position on a river, and the extent and grace of the windings which that river exhibits.

The celebrity of Edinburgh, of the architectural excellencies of which so much has been said by some, and which has assumed to itself the title of "Modern Athens," is owing, perhaps, more to the natural beauties which it possesses, the views obtained from it, standing as it does upon a group of hills, and the numerous associations connected with it, than to its intrinsic merit considered merely as a city. The principal streets are not sufficiently lofty or spacious, nor are the public buildings, for the most part, upon a sufficiently large scale to merit the appellation of grand, and the national monuments that have been erected are not only deficient in this respect, but are too evidently intended for effect and display to excite any very lofty feelings in the mind. The extreme fineness and variety of the surrounding scenery, combining rocks and mountains with fertile country, and an extent of water; the romantic position of the castle on a craggy eminence overhanging the town; the numerous objects of curiosity; and the many very interesting historical associations connected with the "Old Town," are what chiefly render Edinburgh so attractive as it now is, and ever ought to be, to all admirers of the picturesque, and all the lovers of antiquarian lore.

We have been induced thus far to take a cursory view of some of the leading features of a few of the principal cities in Europe, and to compare them with London, in order to point out more effectively, both in what manner those great cities derive the peculiar merits and beauties which they possess, and in what respects that—to the condition of which our attention is now more especially directed—is deficient in those points which most chiefly contribute to render it pre-eminent among them. It is striking, indeed, to reflect, while pursuing this survey, how little for the direct purpose of producing effect, or adding to its architectural beauty alone, has been done for London, and in how small a degree many of the natural advantages that it possesses have as yet been availed of for this end.

There is, perhaps, no city in the world which is endowed with so many of those characteristics that contribute to make a truly great and renowned city as London is. None so rich in historical associations of the deepest interest—none so valuable for the antiquities of its country that it possesses—none so distinguished for the number and real grandeur of its public edifices—the stately beauty of its bridges—its spacious and lofty streets, or, above all, the numerous munificent institutions with which it is enriched. In these, the really solid endowments, worthy of a great and powerful city, London stands pre-eminent, and without a rival. As a monument of historical record, and a rich antiquarian relic, what a national treasure have we in the Tower of London, whose history is the history of the kingdom itself, and within whose walls have been enacted so many of the most tragic and memorable deeds which marked our earlier historic career. From the days of its early splendour, when graced by successive courts—the scene at once of the most brilliant levity, and of the most sanguine

cruelties and tyranny—to those of our own day, when it stands merely as a monument of its former grandeur, and is used only as a repository for those relics of ancient days which are exhibited within its walls, how many events are recalled to the mind's eye. All certainty as to its original history, whether Roman or Saxon, appears to be lost in the mazes of antiquity. It was established, we are told, as a Roman fortress, enlarged by William the Conqueror, repaired by Rufus, fortified against, and afterwards surrendered to, Stephen. Henry III. made additional fortifications to it, and kept there his elephant and white bear at the expense of the sheriffs of London. We may also trace it as the palace of that monarch, and of many of his successors. It was here that Richard II. was imprisoned, and that Henry VI. died; and it is known as the scene of the tragic events which preceded the usurpation of Richard III. It was within these walls that Lord Hastings was beheaded, and that the infant Edward V. and his brother were murdered; we may also contemplate it as the prison and place of execution of Sir Thomas More—of the victims of Henry VIII.'s caprice—of Lady Jane Grey, and as containing the dungeon where Raleigh, while consigned there, wrote his *History of the World*; here also the famous Lord Bacon was for a time imprisoned after his fall. How intimately connected with the rise of our constitutional liberties is this most interesting pile! What triumphs as regard these does it not record! Or, if we follow the court to Westminster Hall, to which they so frequently progressed in state from the Tower, what a noble relic of our earliest history is here remaining, associated as it is with the most splendid pageants of royalty for upwards of seven centuries! It was in these precincts, we are told, that the Confessor resided, and that the Conqueror kept his court, surrounded by his Norman barons, and all the stern magnificence of feudal state. Here kings and princes, and the chivalry of England, have many times banquetted; within these walls a monarch of England was tried and condemned to death; and on its floor the English parliament once used to assemble. How identified with the various struggles for freedom is this venerable edifice; or who can contemplate, without the strongest emotions of reverential awe, that neighbouring sacred pile so associated with all that is great and good and glorious in our history as a nation, and which contains the ashes of so many of our most celebrated characters, both of earlier and later times. The origin of this edifice leads us back to the first dawning of our existence as a nation. It was on this spot, we are told, that the Romans erected a temple to Apollo, and there is even a fabulous story that St. Peter himself raised here a chapel or oratory. This is said to have been rebuilt by Edgar, in 958; Edward the Confessor pulled down the old buildings, and laid the foundation for one of a more magnificent kind, and endowed it richly, and consecrated it with great pomp. How abundant is this cathedral in objects of the highest interest and curiosity. Here, all around are the tombs of kings and nobles and prelates—"kings lying beside those who deposed them," and "rival wits placed side by side." Here have our monarchs been crowned from the earliest times, in the highest state and magnificence. The historian, the artist, and the moralist, each find here the richest food for contemplation and

admiration. Later buildings also serve, in a like degree, to record the national history. Somerset House stands as a monument, at once of the rapacity and of the fall of the Protector. Whitehall serves to recall to our recollection the fate, and to mark the place of execution of the unfortunate King Charles. Nor are these the only relics which possess an historical or antiquarian interest. There are many spots within this vast metropolis which must always be of a certain degree of importance, though containing nothing at present to mark them out, from having been the scene of some great events in earlier times. Smithfield can hardly be visited without calling to our remembrance the many transactions of historic interest which have been enacted there. It was on this spot that tournaments were formerly held, and where the grand one in 1467 was celebrated, through a challenge to the display of feats of arms being given to the Lord Scales, brother to Edward's Queen, by the Bastard of Burgundy. It was here, also, that the conference took place between Richard II. and Wat Tyler, and that the latter was slain. Smithfield is also famous as the place where those extraordinary scenes of torture were exhibited, previous to the Reformation, in the burning of heretics. In like manner we may interest ourselves in tracing out the site of what were remarkable buildings in their day, though long forgotten except as regards the events which occurred in them; as, for example, the spot where the Globe Theatre once stood, in which Shakspeare acted in person the products of his genius. This building, which was destroyed in 1613, during the performance of one of Shakspeare's plays, stood nearly opposite the end of Queen Street, Cheapside, on the site now occupied by the brewery of Messrs. Perkins & Co. His residence was near the Bear-garden, in Southwark, and it was at St. Saviour's, Southwark, that he buried his brother, "Edward Shakspeare, a player."

The spot may also still be pointed out which was formerly the Ring, in Hyde Park, and which must ever be remarkable as a memento of ancient customs, and as serving to record the vast progress in civilization among us which has since been made. Objects of antiquarian interest are, indeed, numerous in different parts of the metropolis. Of these, London Stone, which stands in the south wall of St. Swithin's Church, Cannon Street, is one of the most curious as a monument of the former existence of the Roman power in this country. It is said to have been used as a milliary, similar to that in the Forum at Rome, where all the highways in the country met, and from which they were measured. This is also adduced as a proof that the Romans regarded London as the seat of British power. It is this stone that Jack Cade struck when he exclaimed, "Now is Mortimer lord of this city, and here sitting upon London Stone." Charing Cross may also serve, in like manner, to excite our interest, as the spot where tradition records the body of Queen Eleanor to have rested, when carried in state to Westminster Abbey.

It affords a not less curious topic for research to those whose genius inclines them towards that kind of pursuit, to endeavour to discover the ancient boundaries of the city, the walls of which are asserted to have been originally built by Helen, the mother of Constantine the

Great. It was burnt by the Danes in the year 851, and visited very early by plague, and at various intervals dreadful havoc was made among the inhabitants by this disease, and the town itself several times dismantled by fire. It is also interesting to endeavour to reconcile the names, which some portions still retain, with remarkable events associated with them; to trace its gradual growth and expansion, until it became united in one mass of population with the different villages in its vicinity. We may also attempt to carry our minds back to the particular events of which it has been the theatre—to imagine the scene which the metropolis presented during that most extraordinary calamity, the great plague of 1665—to picture to ourselves the gloom and desertion of the city—the shutting-up of the houses—the carrying the dead in carts along the streets, and the many horrors that were then witnessed, as described by De Foe. Some of the most remarkable spots where the dead were buried in heaps, and which were peculiarly the scene of devastation, may still be pointed out. It is also a subject of curious research to those who are interested about the history of London, to trace the progress of the unaccountable and unexampled catastrophe which followed in the great fire of London, and to mark its boundaries. Pudding Lane still stands to record the spot where it first broke out. Most interesting, however, to every one must it be to endeavour to recognise those parts with which we appear to have been long familiar—that are immortalized as the birth or residence of those great men who have most contributed to adorn the page of our history as a nation, or added most, by their genius, to the stores of our literature—to figure to ourselves Milton, in his earlier years, at the house of his birth in Bread Street—to follow him to St. Paul's School, where that mind was nurtured and began to expand, which was shortly to astonish the world by its genius—to imagine him at his residence in St. Bride's Church Yard, an instructor of youth—afterwards at his house in Aldersgate—and, last of all, at that in Bunhill Fields, where the evening of his days was passed in blindness and neglect—or to stand over the spot where his remains are deposited, in St. Giles's, Cripplegate, near those of his father. The majority, indeed, of our most remarkable characters have been identified, in some way or other, with London, either by constant or occasional residence; so great an attraction, in various ways, does it hold out to men of genius of every description, that a large portion of it might be termed "classic ground." The studying their biography, this tracing out their haunts, is peculiarly interesting; as, for instance, in the case of that great but eccentric genius of the last century, Dr. Samuel Johnson, with whose manners and habits we have been all rendered so familiar by Boswell's biography of him, our pleasure in reading the memoirs is much enhanced by our knowledge of the different places described. It is then only that we can properly imagine those scenes with which we all appear so well acquainted, and can almost believe we have witnessed, from the minute description of them—can fancy him fixing his residence in Exeter Street, upon his first arrival in London—afterwards at Bolt Court and Temple Lane, or supping with his friends at the Mitre; or that we see his huge and uncouth form moving along in Fleet Street, as Boswell describes him, when he was first pointed out to him.

If we turn to the architecture of the metropolis, what grandeur do our great public edifices possess, obscured as they now are—whether we view them towering above the surrounding buildings, or adorning the streets in which they are placed! What magnificence in the structure of our bridges, from which the most commanding views of the metropolis are to be obtained! What city can we compare with ours for the spaciousness and grandeur of its streets, even where not decorated with architectural ornament, or built with strict uniformity; as in the case of some of the older parts of the town, such as Farringdon Street, the parts of Holborn extending from Middle Row to Holborn Bridge, Oxford Street, St. James's Street, and Piccadilly, which must be regarded as noble structures, and present the finest outlines for really grand streets that could be designed? or if we turn to those parts of the town which have been more recently erected, and in which more attention to ornament has been bestowed—to the classic beauty of the terraces and buildings in the Regent's Park, where the houses are of magnitude sufficient to produce dignity in their appearance, and have space about them so as to allow of their being viewed at a proper distance—to Portland Place, Regent Street, and part of the West Strand, as also the newly-built streets in the city, where the spirit of improvement and tasteful decoration appears to vie with that at the West end, we shall have afforded to us the most beautiful modern specimens of architecture. From Charing Cross to Whitehall, as far as the commencement of Parliament Street, where an unfortunate and unsightly obstruction impedes the thoroughfare and obscures the view both of the Abbey and Hall of Westminster in the one direction, and of the buildings in Trafalgar Square in the other, there is also a magnificent street in every respect. Our squares are, in regularity, extent, and beauty, far beyond comparison with those in the towns to which we have alluded as eminent rivals of London from their architectural excellencies.

The parks, without seeming to possess the display and attempt at effect observable in the public grounds of Paris, with more of the beauties of nature, are richly ornamented with trees and water, and form a most agreeable and healthful recreation to the inhabitants of the metropolis. Indeed there is nothing in Paris which can equal St. James's Park and Kensington Gardens, where the scenery is of the most charming kind, without any of those artificial contrivances which detract so much from the real excellence of that in the gardens at Paris. But those which chiefly serve to mark the character of a great city—which proclaim the mental and moral dignity which adorns it, are the public institutions for the advancement of learning and morality, and the charitable endowments which are established within it. And how abundant in each of these is London found to be. Her public schools, how rich in their foundations; Westminster, Christ's Hospital, the Charter House, and St. Paul's, being all of the first order and endowment; besides which, is the University, recently established in London, and the colleges of University, and King's College, with the schools attached to them; as also the inns of court, which must be regarded as universities of a particular class.

Her different societies and institutions for the cultivation and ad-

vancement of science ; her museums, libraries, and collections of works of art, how splendid ; her charities and hospitals, supported solely by the munificence of the people ; her religious societies, dependent also upon, and so nobly flourishing by, the aid of these alone, what tests do they afford, if viewed only as proofs of the national wealth and liberality. In London, the livery companies alone yearly distribute nearly £80,000 in charities, of which they are the guardians ; and the sum annually expended in the various hospitals, colleges, alms-houses, and other miscellaneous charities, is not less than a million sterling. In the metropolis there are more than forty religious societies, formed for the purpose of disseminating religious instruction to every nation and every people, and in one year—since which the funds of many of them have greatly increased—near £400,000 was received by these. There are also twenty-four hospitals, and upwards of thirty dispensaries for supplying medicine.

The establishments for the carrying on of commerce :—the Bank ; the Docks, so replete with treasure from every quarter of the globe ; the shipping, presenting the appearance of an animated forest ; the convenience and preparation for travelling to every part of the empire ; the extraordinary rapidity with which this is now accomplished by the power of steam ; and the splendour of the shops, mark the eminence which London has attained, commanding, as it does by its situation on the banks of the Thames, the commerce of the world.

Indeed, after thus reviewing the condition of this great city, the seat of the power and intelligence of England—from which all its civil regulations issue ; where its laws are framed, and their execution dispensed ; from which proceeds daily and hourly through the press, by books, periodicals, and newspapers, the instruction which is vibrated to each remote part of the empire ; the central point of its civilization, and the occasional resort of the people of, and which is carrying on intercourse with, every nation under heaven, we cannot but consider it to have reached a point of glory to which no other city approaches. While witnessing the vast splendour that is here exhibited, the amazing concourse, moving in each direction, with which its streets are animated, we are reminded of the picture which Milton, in his *Paradise Regained*, draws of the glory of Rome while flourishing in the height of its magnificence.

The present defective state of the streets and public buildings in different parts of the metropolis, from no regular system having been followed in the construction of new thoroughfares, nor any proper restriction exercised with regard to building in places which ought to have been kept clear for the public convenience, is a subject of which all who are located within its precincts cannot fail to be aware, and which has long been a matter of serious complaint. The particulars of this we shall however leave to be pointed out by the evidence of competent persons adduced before the committees as we come to consider, in their order, the several recommendations contained in the Report. Deeply, indeed, is it to be regretted that the noble opportunity, which was afforded after the destruction of the city by fire in the year 1666, was not taken advantage of according to the plan of Sir C. Wren. By the adoption of the plan he laid down, he would have rendered it, as

he said, the wonder of the world. His design was to have made one large street from Aldgate to Temple Bar, in the middle of which was to have been a large square capable of containing St. Paul's, and allowing a proper distance for the view all round it. He intended to make three principal streets, running straight through the city, at least ninety feet wide; one or two cross ones, of the same breadth; others sixty feet; and none less than thirty feet. He also proposed to rebuild all the parish churches in such a manner as to be seen at the end of every vista of houses, and dispersed in such distances from each other as to appear neither too thick nor too thin in prospect, but would give a proper heightening to the whole bulk of the city as it filled the landscape. He intended to unite the halls of the twelve companies into one regular square annexed to the Guildhall. He also wished to have built all the houses uniformly, and supported by a piazza. The Exchange to stand isolated in the middle of a piazza, and to be the centre of the town, whence the streets should proceed to all the principal parts of the city—the structure to assume the form of a Roman forum, with double porticos; and by the side of the Thames, from London Bridge to the Temple, he had planned a long and broad wharf or quay, where he had designed to have ranged all the halls that belonged to the several companies of the city, with proper warehouses for merchants between, to vary the edifices, and make it at once one of the most beautiful and most useful ranges of structure in the world.

How different would have been the condition of London as regards its convenience, its health, and its architectural beauty, to what it now is, had this most magnificent and noble plan, worthy of the gigantic mind of the architect of St. Paul's, been carried into execution. London would then, indeed, have been without a rival, and formed a model for all the cities of the world, and from which they might have designed their plans of improvement. All that we can now do is to act in the spirit of that mighty project; and while we reproach our ancestors for not availing themselves of such an occasion, we ought, at least, to be careful to exonerate ourselves from a similar reproach for apathy, and want of taste, and liberality, now that another opportunity is presented for the extensive improvement of our metropolis, the condition of which is our national character and glory.

The first grand effort recently made to carry into effect the general improvement of the metropolis, and which was directed in the true spirit of improvement, was the appointment of the select committee of the House of Commons, on the 16th June, 1836, on the motion of Mr. Alderman Wood, who were directed "to consider of the most effectual plan for raising of money to carry into effect the necessary improvements required in the cities of London and Westminster, Borough of Southwark, and Counties of Middlesex and Surrey, and for the purchasing of the interest of the proprietors of the Waterloo and Southwark Bridges, that they may be thrown open for the use of the public free of toll." That committee agreed to their report on the 2nd of August in the same year.

The first of these improvements is the plan for making "a new street from the Bank to the General Post Office." This is proposed to be effected by widening Cateaton Street, by taking down the houses on each

side, but continuing the present line of street as far as Milk Street and Lad Lane, from whence an entire new passage is to be made to the commencement of Maiden Lane, in the centre of Wood Street. Maiden Lane, which is to be the continuation of the new street, is to be widened to twice its present breadth, by taking down portions of all the houses on the north side of it. The new street will be thus carried into St. Ann's Lane, which does not require any alteration to fit it for this purpose, and thence continued close by the north side of the Post Office into Aldersgate Street. The importance of this new line of communication between two points of such consequence to all commercial men as the Bank and the Post Office, requires not to be argued here.

The second of the proposed city improvements, is that for making "a new street from the General Post Office to Newgate Street;" which is to be carried from the part of the street exactly fronting the portico of the Post Office, in a direct line from it into Newgate Street, by Christ Church Passage. To effect this, the three houses, 23, 24, and 25, immediately opposite the Post Office, will be taken down, and the line carried on through the intermediate houses in the proposed line, crossing Bath Street and Butcher Hall Lane, close by Christ Church. The expense consequent upon being obliged to purchase so large a number of buildings, and which will be required in order to effect this line, appears on first consideration very great; but it should be borne in mind, as the evidence given before the committees serves to show, that the far greater number of these houses and buildings being now shut out from any thoroughfare, and hemmed in on all sides by surrounding edifices, and being used for no trade, are of but very inferior value to those which front a regular thoroughfare: whereas, by cutting the proposed line of street, the value of the frontage to be obtained for the houses to be built in it, will in a great measure compensate for the expense incurred in the purchase of buildings which are intended to be pulled down, and in making this new line. Buildings that can now only be used as warehouses, or are inhabited by the lowest order of people, and are approachable only by close and confined courts, will then be eligible for shops of the first quality, and command a situation and thoroughfare of the highest importance. The convenience of a new line of communication being opened to a place of such necessary and daily resort, is at once obvious; and which the excessive difficulty of the present approach by Newgate Street, which is constantly choked up with carriages and vehicles of every description, and thronged with butchers' carts and others for conveyance of heavy goods, renders it a point of the first importance to effect. The junction of Newgate Street and St. Martin-le-Grand is not only extremely awkward and dangerous as a thoroughfare, but forms a point of collision for all the vehicles rushing from Cheapside, St. Paul's Churchyard, St. Martin-le-Grand, and Newgate Street. As regards the architectural improvements which would be obtained by this plan, they would be many, and of the highest order. The opening of a commanding view of the New Post Office, which must rank as one of the finest modern edifices in the city—though from its situation being so blocked up by buildings on all sides, it is scarcely possible fairly to view it at present—

would be a point of no mean importance in this respect ; by which a full prospect of its central front and portico would be obtained, the whole length of the proposed new street—forming a magnificent termination to it. The erection of a spacious and handsome street in this part of the city, and to the dignity and grandeur of which the building at the head of it would highly contribute, will be an improvement of the first order.

“The improvement of Skinner Street and Holborn Hill,” by constructing a viaduct or “new level foot and carriage-way, fifty feet wide, and twenty-one feet above Farringdon Street,” extending from the point of junction of Skinner Street and Farringdon Street on the one side, to that point in Holborn Hill which is opposite to Ely Place, is another project of great importance as regards the facility and safety of communication through one of the greatest thoroughfares of the metropolis. This is alluded to both in the Report of 1836, and also in the second Report of 1838 ; and the necessity for remedying the evil complained of declared. To carry this design into effect, it is proposed to widen that part of the street along which the viaduct is intended to be constructed, to about one hundred feet, or twice its present breadth : and to allow one-half, being that on the north side, or about fifty feet of the street, to remain as at present, and as a communication to King Street, and to carry the viaduct over the remaining half side of the line of street. The number of accidents which at present occur by the falling of horses while descending the hill leading either way, imperatively demands some plan of communication of this nature to be adopted. The proposed extension of Farringdon Street will be one of the most important and majestic improvements of the metropolis.

(To be continued.)

A CHAPTER OF ANECDOTES.

ACCOUNT OF THE FRENCH BANDITTI, CALLED CHAUFFEURS.—LEGEND OF ST. CLAIR.—THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.—ILLUSTRATIONS OF DREAMS.

ACCOUNT OF THE FRENCH BANDITTI, CALLED CHAUFFEURS.

THE robbers' cave in Gil Blas is one of those scenes of romance which makes the most vivid impression on the youthful mind, and which retains its fascination in our riper years : most probably it had its origin in real life, and an authentic narrative of a similar case, in the early part of the French Revolution, has lately appeared in the “Souvenir” de M. Berryer Doyen, des Avocate de Paris.

“In the 4th year of the Republic, as a relief to our discussions before the civil tribunal, we had at Chartres the extraordinary spectacle of the criminal proceedings then directed against the band of *Roasters* (*Chauffeurs*), known by the title of the robbers of Orgères, who appeared at the prisoners' bar to the number of 100 or 112. A large church in the centre of the city had been arranged so as to place the whole band at once before the jury. Every morning they

were brought from the prison in line to the court, under the escort of the *gendarmérie*. At their head marched a great red-haired man, on whose face appeared strongly marked the features of villainy: he was the recognised chief of the band, and had been brought from the galleys at Brest to be confronted with his fellow-prisoners, with the witnesses, and the numerous victims who still survived the cruelties practised on them. The history of these robbers, of the long continuance of their plunder, of the atrocity of their acts, and, lastly, of their arrest, presents something apparently fabulous, even almost incredible, in the state of existing civilization.

"About 10 or 12 leagues from Chartres, towards the district of Vendôme, is a vast forest, called the forest of Orgères. In the most retired and thickest part of this forest, at a very remote period, large quarries had been opened, from which had been extracted the stone used in the construction of the magnificent Cathedral of Chartres. In the course of time, some malefactors had taken refuge in this quarry, and had founded a sort of subterraneous colony which kept up its own population, women having been admitted there. This colony had its mode of government, its police, its rules, adapted to the frightful profession of its members. This profession was a regular system of robbery confided to the individual enterprise of the associates, with orders to effect their purpose, if necessary, by open force, by torture, and even by murder. These robbers of Orgères had even in distant provinces emissaries who went on the look-out to mark those isolated dwellings which it was most easy either to surprise or surround by numbers. These the spies marked out to the troop, who, like the Old Man of the Mountain, from the depth of their retreat, directed men to the spot to execute their projects. These wretches generally introduced themselves in the evening, under the most specious pretexts, into the houses pointed out to them, and instantly made themselves masters of the place, by binding the labourers and male servants: as for the women, they alarmed them by the most terrible threats, and if they resisted, they bound them, lighted a large fire, before the blaze of which they exposed the soles of their feet, until the violence of the pain had drawn forth the confession of what property their husbands possessed, and had forced them to point out the place where money and articles of value were concealed. The repetition of these frightful tortures, in many different places, had given to the robbers, the perpetrators of these cruelties, the name of *Chauffeurs*. The police had, indeed, succeeded in taking up several of them for thefts committed with violence (housebreaking), and several had been condemned to the galleys, but no one had as yet been convicted of the crime of *roasting*. Still less had the authorities been able to detect the central cavern in which were collected all the stolen articles which were afterwards sold in the markets near Orgères, where they could not be identified.

"The mystery of the habitual retreat of the robbers, for a long time impenetrable, was, at last, discovered by chance: two *gendarmes* of the horse brigade were one day going their rounds in the forest of Orgères, when one of them having occasion to pass a little way into the interior of the high wood, observed a lad, of about ten years of age, so singularly dressed, as to attract his attention: he called him to him

by a friendly beckon, when the lad, who was suffering from hunger, came forward and asked for bread. The *gendarme* caught hold of him, and offered him a good breakfast if he would come with him: the boy consented, was mounted behind the trooper, and taken to the nearest inn, where an excellent meal was set before him. While the child gave himself up to the enjoyment of his good cheer, the *gendarmes* watched him narrowly, and they remarked that he crammed into his pockets every thing that fell into his hands that struck his fancy, without any attempt at concealment, as if the taking every thing was the most natural action possible. In a short time, a silver fork and spoon, a knife, a corkscrew, were very openly deposited under the shirt of their little guest. When they asked him why he thus laid violent hands on every thing within his reach, his ingenuous answer was that the things pleased him; he gave no other reason, and did not seem to suspect that any other was requisite, nor that he did any thing wrong in thus appropriating every thing to himself: he said, that every day his father brought similar objects to his mother, who found no fault. Startled at finding in so young a customer, a disposition so perverted, the *gendarmes* had no doubt that the lad was the child of some malefactor who had brought him up in some retired corner of the forest. They took advantage of his improvident loquacity, brought out by a glass of wine, to ask him where he lived. They learned that the place of his abode was a vast subterraneous cave, in which were a great many people besides his father and mother; that he had some little comrades who had ill-used him, and that on that account he had run away: that he was very unhappy because his father and mother would not give him all he saw and wished to have to eat and to amuse himself with. The *gendarmes*, calculating from these disclosures that the child of the forest, if he remained with them, might by his disclosures put them on the track of the malefactors who took refuge in these unknown underground retreats, proposed to give the lad every day as much as he liked to eat, and even to put some money in his purse besides, under two conditions; first, that he should no longer take any thing but what was given him; and, secondly, that without saying a word to any one else, he should point out to them all the inmates of the cave who were known to him, whenever he met them; and that every time he made a good discovery, he should receive the reward of five francs. The bargain was soon concluded; the boy was washed, newly clad, and shod, his hair well combed, so that he was no longer to be recognised; and thus disguised, he was led by his two patrons to the next town, and on market day was placed in ambush side by side with a woman who passed for his nurse—he pointed out with his finger to his two good friends the *gendarmes*, those of the band whom he was in the habit of seeing every day in the forest, who had come to the market to dispose of some of the articles which had been stolen. As fast as the men were pointed out by him, they were taken into custody and conveyed to prison. These journeys, and these markings-out of the robbers, were repeated in the different public markets in the country; the number of arrests insensibly increased, so that the lad, whose acuteness led to the discovery, got the name of General Finfin.

"It is worthy of remark, that Finfin did not include in his informations his father and mother : now, this exception is rather encouraging as a proof of natural feeling, however the interest of society might have been forwarded by an opposite conduct. The result of the interrogatories to which the prisoners were subjected, the depositions of witnesses who hastened from all parts, led by the descriptions of the stolen articles inserted in the public papers, was, that the troop of robbers, who successively came from the forest of Orgères, were precisely the *Roasters* (*Chauffeurs*), who had laid waste such an extent of country, even at great distances. Many men, who had been implicated in these abominable crimes, and had been sentenced to the galleys for burglaries, were brought forward to be confronted. At length, the ray of truth was cast on this long course of crime so long in obscurity, or rather the atrocity of the infamous acts of these wretches was brought forward into full day, with all its hideous and revolting accompaniments. The public indignation was most remarkably roused by the case of three sisters, daughters of a rich farmer, whose house had been broken into by the robbers of Orgères : they had burnt the feet of these unfortunate women with such barbarity, that they were reduced, all three, to the necessity of using crutches. The confronting these victims, with the perpetrators of this dreadful mutilation, was heart-rending. One single verdict delivered society from this scourge, and avenged the crimes of all these monsters. The den in the forest of Orgères was walled up."

LEGEND OF ST. CLAIR.

The calendar of the Romish church contains the name of a St. Clair, some details of whose legend we offer to such of our readers as are curious in such matters, because, though an Anglo-Saxon, we believe he is little known in the English calendar ; yet he has given his name to more than one noble family in England and Scotland, and it is still used as a baptismal name in some ancient families in Essex. The little town of Clare, on the borders of Essex and Suffolk, so remarkable for its castle and strong earth works, and which was formerly the seat of an earldom, has also probably derived its name from him.

The following account is taken from the *Martyrologium Gallicanum*, auctore Andrea de Saussay, 1637. "St. Clair was born at Rochester, in England, about the year 890, of a noble family. He was remarkable for the beauty of his person, and the endowments of his mind. His parents were desirous he should marry a beautiful young woman, but he, anxious to preserve his virgin purity, escaped privately from the paternal roof, crossed over to Neustria, landed at Cherburg, and lived for a while as a hermit, in a wood near that city ; but the envy of the devil having raised persecutions against him, he betook himself to the monastery of the Abbot Odobertus. A lady of noble family, in spite of the effect of the rigid course of austerity which he practised, conceived a violent attachment for him, and used every means to induce him to break his vow ; but St. Clair, like a second St. Joseph, constantly resisted her, and betook himself to another convent on the river Epte, near Gysors. The lady, being violently incensed by the

resistance of the holy man, hired two ruffians, who sought him out in his cell and cut off his head; upon which, the saint rising from the ground, took his head in his hands, and by the assistance of holy angels, proceeded with the trophy to a fountain, in which he plunged that sacred head and washed it in the water, and then carried it to the oratory of his cell, which is not far from the town; and having there deposited his mortal remains and completed his course, his glorified spirit rose up to heaven. The head of the saint was conveyed to the town which bears his name, near Paris, where it became an object of great veneration."

St. Clair is still, in lower Normandy in particular, an object of great veneration, and of that worship (or however the word *cultus* is to be translated), which Roman Catholics pay to saints. Many statues, some of the size of life, either of porcelain, or of plaister, coloured and gilded, are to be seen in chapels in the churches of Carentan, Moutaburg, and other towns. The saint is represented with his head held in his two hands in front of his breast. The peasants say that the tradition of the miracle thus represented, has descended from father to son. He is celebrated for the cure of complaints of the eyes; and if, when persons afflicted with such complaints ask money of a traveller to purchase candles to adorn his altars, he suggests that application might be better made to the physician, the answer is, that prayers to St. Clair are far more efficacious. And this superstition also prevails: wax candles, which have been burnt for a short time at the altars where his statue is erected, are eagerly purchased by the faithful, in the belief that when a person is at the point of death, one of these candles lighted, softens the pains, and that the spirit will pass gently away as the candle becomes burnt out.

What is the motive of the Roman Catholic priesthood in sanctioning, in the nineteenth century, superstition such as this? Can it be in some degree the profitable traffic in candles to eke out their slender revenues, or are they afraid, now that the progress of infidelity is so rapid, of losing their hold on the *more ignorant* of their flock, if they oppose the blind belief and habitual veneration of ages? Do they fear that if reasoning be once admitted, it may question the divine origin of *numerous* unauthorized practices? Certain it is, that there is a general tendency to the revival of ceremonies long discontinued. The processions of the St. Sacrament (*corpus Domini*), have this year been re-established in great pomp in Normandy, little children dressed up with gold wings, to represent angels, and bearing baskets of flowers, accompanying it. The mysteries of the ancient drama are also revived at the fairs, in which the persons of the Divinity are represented by wooden puppets.

THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY

Is unquestionably one of the most curious historical documents in existence; for a long period it did not meet with the attention it merited, but later English historians have constantly referred to it, and M. Thierry quotes it in the same manner as written chronicles. This document bears important evidence on the point, that the conquest of England, though indisputably the result of the victory obtained by

William in the battle of Hastings, was not a conquest obtained by foreign invaders, merely by the force of the *jus fortioris*. Edward the Confessor, according to the custom of the age, had the power to appoint his successor, and on that appointment, and his nearer consanguinity, William founded his claim. The chronicler, Eadmer, overlooks the facts represented in the tapestry, that Harold made solemn oath on the relics of saints, to respect the rights of William, "*nisi communi mortalibus sorte præsentis vita precipiteretur.*" Pope Alexander II. ordered William to arm himself against his *perjured* adversary, and sent him a consecrated standard, and a ring containing a hair or a tooth of St. Peter; and Ordericus Vitalis relates, that William, previously to the expedition, "heard the mass, strengthened his body and soul by the sacraments of our Lord, and hung at his neck, with humility, the relics of saints on which Harold had sworn."

The tapestry of Bayeux is a piece of embroidery, worked by the needle in worsteds of various colours, on a cloth of flax; it is 212 French feet in length; according to Ducard, 232 feet English, and 18 inches in width. That a work of such frail materials should remain almost uninjured during the space of nearly eight centuries, is truly remarkable; but this circumstance becomes more extraordinary by the disclosure of the risks of total destruction it has incurred, according to a statement of facts now for the first time made public.

At the end of November, 1838, this information was published in a "Report made to the Municipal Council of Bayeux as to the best means of insuring the preservation of the Tapestry of Queen Matilda, by M. Pezet, President of the Civil Tribunal." An abstract of the Report may be interesting to those who are familiar with the subject, and call the attention of others to this historical document, of which they may find etchings of the most scrupulous exactness in the *Archæologie*.

Ancient tradition in Normandy relates that Queen Matilda, during the long absences of William in England to secure his conquest and give laws to his new dominions, employed the leisure hours of herself and her ladies in tracing in embroidery the most glorious events of her husband's life. Of this princess, Orderic Vital gives the following character: "*Reginam hanc simul decoravere forma, genus, litterarum scientia, sanctitas morum, et virtutum pulchritudo.*"

This tapestry was given to Otho, bishop of Bayeux, and it is probable that it was exhibited along the nave of his cathedral, for the first time, at the solemn dedication of that edifice, after William's return from England. The same walls had witnessed the oaths taken by Harold on the relics, and might naturally be chosen as the place of deposit for the evidence of the vengeance which had followed his treachery. The above tradition meets with the greatest support from the exceeding fidelity with which all the details, the representation of the arms, the instruments of war, the ships and buildings, are depicted, all of which accord with such sculptures of the same age as still exist. The first danger which this memorial incurred, was in the year 1106, in the expedition of Henry I. of England, to deprive his brother Robert of the dukedom, when Bayeux was taken, and all the churches destroyed. Again, in 1356, the city was reduced to ashes by Philip,

brother of Charles the Bad, king of Navarre. The tapestry was first officially noticed in 1476, in an inventory of the jewels and other valuables belonging to the church. "Item, une tinte tres longue et estroite de lille,* à broderie de ymages et escripteaux faisant representation du conquest d'Angleterre, laquelle est tendue environ la nif de l'église le jour, et par les octaves *des reliques*." During the religious wars of the sixteenth century (1562), the principal treasures of the church were burnt; the bishop and clergy entrusted to the municipal body many objects of value, among which was the tapestry, but the mob broke into the town-hall and carried them off. It is not known how the tapestry was preserved; but it appears afterwards to have been annually exposed to the curiosity and veneration of the public in the nave of the cathedral, and in 1724, it became the subject of a memoir by M. Lancelot, and was engraved by direction of Dom Bernard de Montfaucon, in "*Les Monumens de la Monarchie Française*." At the commencement of the French revolution, the repositories of public documents were ransacked and their treasures destroyed. "Now," said Condorcet, in his speech in the National Convention, "reason burns at the foot of the statue of Louis XIV. those immense volumes which are but evidences of vanity; other deposits exist in libraries and chapters—they must all be involved in one common destruction." The tapestry of Queen Matilda, however, again, as in 1562, escaped as by a miracle from these disorders, which were calculated to wither the heart and degrade the understanding; it remained uninjured within the walls of the cathedral during all the events of 1792, up to the period when the invasion of the French territory called all her citizens to arms. A battalion was raised at Bayeux, and in the midst of the confusion of its sudden departure, a covering was required for one of the baggage-waggons. Cloths were wanting, and the tapestry was pointed out as fit for the purpose. The municipal authorities had the weakness to give orders that it should be given up; it was placed on the waggon, and was already gone, when M. A. Foustier, a citizen of Bayeux, distinguished during a long life for the good he has done, and the evils he has prevented, pursued and rescued it from its unworthy destination, and presenting other cloths in its place, conveyed it to his study as to a safe asylum. Afterwards several respectable inhabitants of the town formed themselves into a committee for the preservation of the remains of art and science, and the most valuable object of their solicitude, the tapestry of Matilda, was confided to their care, not without cause, for again it had narrowly escaped being cut into pieces to ornament a civic car.

When the First Consul was preparing the expedition against England, to raise the ardour of the people by this memorial of former success, he ordered the tapestry to be sent to the Museum at Paris. Many persons wished it to remain in the capital, but the claims of its native place prevailed, and this memorial of Norman valour was restored to the episcopal city in which the brother of the Conqueror had exercised ecclesiastical and temporal power. The following letter was sent by Denon to the Sub-Prefect of Bayeux:—"Paris, 30 Pluviose,

* Toile.

year 12. Citizen—I send you back the tapestry embroidered by Queen Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror. The First Consul has seen with interest this precious memorial of our history; he applauds the care which the citizens of Bayeux have shown in its preservation during seven centuries and a half, and charges me to communicate to them his satisfaction, and again to confide it to their care. I invite them then, citizen, to increase their zeal in the preservation of this frail relic, which recalls one of the most memorable actions of the French nation, and preserves the recollection of the boldness and courage of their forefathers. I have the honour to salute you. Denon.”

The Report continues: “The great value of this pictorial representation in an archæological and historical point of view is thus established on the highest authority, and is admitted by English authors, who declare it the most noble document relating to English history. It is most desirable, therefore, to take the necessary measures for its preservation, and it is proposed to extend the library so as to obtain a gallery 55 feet long and 18 feet wide, to place in the centre the tapestry folded twice on itself, and to secure it from the injuries of time or wilful damage by glass frames. The estimate for the expense of the gallery is nearly 11,000 francs, and for the glass cases, 5000 francs.”

This Report was unanimously adopted, and a petition sent to the Minister, 26th Nov., 1838.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF DREAMS.

Philosophers have, in all ages, been trying to analyze those curious phenomena called dreams; and have thrown what light they could on their nature and properties. The last writers who have enlarged our information on the subject are, Macnish, in his *Philosophy of Sleep*; Abercrombie, on the *Intellectual Powers*; and Warren, the brilliant author of *Passages from the Diary of a late Physician*.

With the philosophy of dreams I have, however, nothing to do at present. I would merely afford a few original illustrations of them, which my own recent experience has afforded.

About a week ago, I was attacked by one of the numerous forms of scarletina, accompanied by a most provoking and pertinacious sore throat, which lasted five days. During this period, I suffered from a considerable accession of fever, and a perpetual series of delirious and disordered dreams. These were so much more graphic than usual, that they not only excited my utmost attention at the time, but enfixed themselves in my memory. A more favourable opportunity for the study of dreams I never met with; and fearing lest their evanescent reminiscences should soon disappear, I write them down while they are yet fresh and palpable. It is only from notes of this kind, taken immediately after their occurrence, that the science of these remarkable productions of the human mind will ever be advanced.

Two general remarks must be made, before I enter on the detail. One is, that the fever called up unusual powers of memory and imagination, which I seldom perceive at other times. The other is, that these dreams assumed a new character and form each succeeding day, as regularly as the acts of a drama.

On the first day, *Saturday*, I was fully possessed with the idea, whenever I closed my eyes, that Esculapius, the god of medicine, and the whole faculty of physic, had met in solemn convocation inside my head; I had in consequence to fabricate an infinity of most learned speeches for these most learned gentlemen, who, being of all ages, nations, and languages, were invested with peculiar and distinctive characteristics. The main topic of their debates was my own case. Among them I thought two physicians especially distinguished themselves by the depth and brilliancy of their remarks upon fever. These I invited to be my bedfellows; one was to lie on my right side, and one on my left. I seemed to employ myself for hours in turning from one side of the bed to the other, and asking their respective opinions. Whenever I got dissatisfied with either, or, in other words, found no more relief on his side of the bed, I turned round to consult his antagonist. Whenever I opened my eyes, the delusion instantly vanished.

The second day, *Sunday*, a new form of dream presented itself. I imagined myself to be Exeter Guildhall. Within me were assembled sheriff, mayors, aldermen, councillors, and all kinds of lawyers. I thought that we had to examine numberless accounts relating to the county of Devon. The most intricate and involved statements of public expenditure were brought before us; speeches innumerable, many of them far from temperate, were made on the occasion. My repeated cries for order were unattended to, and the debates appeared to gather strength through the whole day. I found it continually necessary to open my eyes to convince me that all this was delusion.

On the third day, *Monday*, my throat was very much inflamed, the defluxion very great from the glands of the mouth, and my neck abominably stiff. I thought I had got for my bed-fellows, two superannuated uncles, crazy old men as you can imagine, and that they had unluckily infected me with the disease of old age, which it is inconvenient to anticipate even in dreams. These uncles I imagined to have been fine gentlemen in the days of Addison and our friend William Honeycombe. In the midst of my conversation with them, I was interrupted by a sudden irruption of three imaginary cousins; they were just such fellows as we may suppose young Sheridan, Fox, and Monk Lewis to have been—the merriest knaves in creation. In spite of the age and infirmities with which my uncles had inoculated me, these noisy companions of the bottle hurried me away. They laughed immoderately at the antiquated absurdities of my uncles; and in spite of my protestations and entreaties, dragged me over the whole of my uncle's ancient mansion. There they pointed out so many singular and prodigious curiosities that they disarmed my resentment at their violence. Among other things, they showed me a chair ten feet high, in which good Queen Bess, they affirmed, delighted to sit—as she then found her feet above the level of her subjects' heads. My cousins were so amazingly facetious in relating unheard-of anecdotes of various illustrious persons, now dead and gone, that I began to think them the best fellows in the world. After visiting several subterranean apartments, we emerged into an old vaulted chamber—"And this," said my cousins, "is the greatest curiosity of all; this is the famous magical library of the famous Dr.

Henry More." "Impossible!" said I; "More's library remains still at Cambridge." "Nay," they replied, "More, with his friends Glanville and Ashmole, were so confoundedly fond of ghosts, that they used to come west to seek for them. They conjured our uncle's good humour out of this very apartment, where they established a select coterie of the lovers of the darker arts." Whether my cousins were laughing at my credulity in all this, I could not for the life of me determine, but I suspect they were, from a peculiar wink of the eye that accompanied many of their observations. This dream occupied me the whole night; and when I heard the clock strike the successive hours, it was only by a violent effort of reason that I convinced myself that it was all fantastical.

On the fourth day, *Tuesday*, I got a notion into my head that I set off for Bristol, the sole passenger of a stage coach. By some peculiar process of self-multiplication, I filled the vehicle, without difficulty, with a dozen exact fac-similes of myself, to the infinite discomfiture of the coachman. On arriving at Bristol, this self-multiplication was carried to an astounding extent, indeed. There I assumed at least a hundred forms and characters at once. By a singular kind of ubiquity, I was conscious of living at the same time in all these new people and characters, in every variety of circumstances. This dream of a few hours embraced a period of at least fifty years. I watched the progress of all my personifications, from the cradle to the grave, and am happy to say that, generally, they turned out very respectable members of society, and left Bristol deeply indebted to them for the brightest passages in her history.

Such were the dreams that took possession of my fancy during this short interval of illness. I am perfectly amazed at their distinctness, their regularity, and their variety. No effort of imagination in days of health or strength can surpass such idle fantasies in ten thousand ingenuities of fiction, which I have no time to record. Let them fade into the land of Limbo—their fitting resting-place.

FREEMASONIC REVELATIONS.

CHAPTER III.

IN this chapter we continue our quotations from the curious treatise of R. S.; and extract his account of the lecture, or rather three lectures on the entered apprentice's degree. The knowing reader will find it a curious jumble of truth and lies. Having said thus much, we leave Mr. R. S. to speak for himself—his sins be on his own head. Thus he proceeds, *totidem verbis*.

The reader having been led thus far, it is high time to introduce the apprentice's lecture, which is intended, not only to amuse, but likewise to instruct him in the part he is entered into. The readiness of many of the brethren in answering the questions, adds a lustre to the order, the members vying with each other who shall most contribute to the edification of their new brother.

THE ENTERED APPRENTICE'S LECTURE,* WHICH IS DIVIDED INTO
THREE SECTIONS.

Mas. Brother, is there any thing between you and me?

Ans. There is, right worshipful.

Mas. What is it, brother, pray?

Ans. A secret.

Mas. What is that secret, brother?

Ans. Masonry.

Mas. Then I presume you are a mason?

Ans. I am so taken and accepted amongst brothers and fellows.

Mas. Pray what sort of man ought a mason to be?

Ans. A man that is born of a free woman.

Mas. Where was you first prepared to be made a mason?

Ans. In my heart.

Mas. Where was you next prepared?

Ans. In a room adjoining to the lodge.

Mas. How was you prepared, brother?

Ans. I was neither naked nor clothed; barefoot nor shod, deprived of all metal; hoodwinked, with a cable-tow about my neck, where I was led to the door of the lodge in a halting moving posture, by the hand of a friend, whom I afterwards found to be a brother.

Mas. How do you know it to be a door, you being blinded?

Ans. By finding a stoppage, and afterwards an entrance or admittance.

Mas. How got you admittance?

Ans. By three knocks.

Mas. What was said to you within?

Ans. Who comes there?

Mas. Your answer, brother?

Ans. One who begs to have and receive part of the benefit of this right worshipful lodge, dedicated to St. John, as many brothers and fellows have done before me.

Mas. How do you expect to obtain it?

Ans. By being free born, and well reported.

Mas. What was said to you then?

Ans. Enter.

Mcs. How did you enter, and upon what?

Ans. Upon the point of a sword or spear, or some warlike instrument, presented to my naked left breast.

Mas. What was said to you then?

Ans. I was asked if I felt anything.

Mas. What was your answer?

Ans. I did, but I could see nothing.

Mas. You have told me how you was received, pray who received you?

Ans. The junior warden.

Mas. How did he dispose of you?

* The reader is desired to observe, that I here give the *whole* of the lectures, as delivered in the primitive time; but the modern masons leave out at least one half.

Ans. He delivered me to the master, who ordered me to kneel down and receive the benefit of a prayer.

BRETHREN, LET US PRAY.

O Lord God, thou great and universal Mason of the World, and first builder of man, as it were a temple; be with us, O Lord, as Thou hast promised, when two or three are gathered together in Thy name, Thou wilt be in the midst of them; be with us, O Lord, and bless all our undertakings, and grant that this our friend may become a faithful brother. Let grace and peace be multiplied unto him, through the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ: and grant, O Lord, as he putteth forth his hand to Thy Holy Word, that he may also put forth his hand to serve a brother, but not to hurt himself or his family; that whereby may be given to us great and precious promises, that by this we may be partakers of Thy Divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world, through lust.

O Lord God, add to our faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance prudence, and to prudence patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly love, and to brotherly love charity; and grant, O Lord, that masonry may be blest throughout the world, and thy peace be upon us, O Lord; and grant that we may be all united as one, through our Lord Jesus Christ, who liveth and reigneth for ever and ever.—*Amen.*

Mas. After you had received this prayer, what was said to you?

Ans. I was asked who I put my trust in?

Mas. Your answer, brother?

Ans. In God.

Mas. What was the next thing said to you?

Ans. I was taken by the right hand, and he said, Rise up, and follow your leader, and fear no danger.

Mas. After all this, how was you disposed of?

Ans. I was led three times round the lodge.

Mas. Where did you meet with the first opposition?

Ans. At the back of the junior warden in the south, where I gave the same three knocks as at the door.

Mas. What answer did he give you?

Ans. He said, Who comes there?

Mas. Your answer?

Ans. The same as at the door, One who begs to have and receive, &c.

Mas. Where did you meet with the second opposition?

Ans. At the back of the senior warden in the west, where I made the same repetition as at the door. He said, Who comes here? One who begs to have and receive, &c.

Mas. Where did you meet with the third opposition?

Ans. At the back of the master in the east, where I made the repetition as before.

Mas. What did the master do with you?

Ans. He ordered me back to the senior warden in the west, to receive instructions.

Mas. What were the instructions he gave you?

Ans. He taught me to take one step upon the first step of a right angle oblong square, with my left knee bare bent, my body upright, my right foot forming a square, my naked right-hand upon the Holy Bible, with the square and compass thereon, my left-hand supporting the same; where I took that solemn obligation or oath of a mason.

Mas. Brother, can you repeat that obligation?

Ans. I will do my endeavour, with your assistance, worshipful.

Mas. Stand up, and begin.

[Here the oath is repeated, as mentioned before.]

After repeating this obligation, they drink a toast to the heart that conceals, and to the tongue that never reveals.

The master in the chair gives it, and they all say ditto, and they draw the glasses across their throats, as aforesaid.

Mas. Now, brother, after you received the obligation, what was said to you?

Ans. I was asked, what I most desired?

Mas. What was your answer?

Ans. To be brought to light?

Mas. Who brought you to light?

Ans. The master and the rest of the brethren.

Mas. When you was thus brought to light, what were the first things you saw?

Ans. Bible, square, and compass.

Mas. What was it they told you they signified?

Ans. Three great lights in masonry.

Mas. Explain them, brother.

Ans. The Bible, to rule and govern our faith; the square, to square our actions; the compass is to keep us within bounds with all men, particularly with a brother.

Mas. What were the next things that were shown to you?

Ans. Three candles, which I was told were three lesser lights in masonry.

Mas. What do they represent?

Ans. The sun, moon, and master mason.

Mas. Why so, brother?

Ans. There is the sun to rule the day, the moon to rule the night, and the master mason his lodge, or at least ought so to do.

Mas. What was then done to you?

Ans. The master took me by the right hand, and gave me the gripe, and word of an entered apprentice, and said, Rise, my brother, JACHIN.

[Sometimes they show you the sign before this gripe and word is given, which is JACHIN: it is the entered apprentice's word, and the gripe thereto belonging is to pinch with your right-thumb nail, upon the first joint of your brother's right-hand.]

Mas. Have you got this gripe and word, brother?

Ans. I have, worshipful.

Mas. Give it to your next brother.

[Then he takes his next brother by the right-hand, and gives him the gripe and word, as before described: he tells the master that is right.]

The 1st brother gives him the gripe.

The 2d brother says, What's this?

1st Bro. The gripe of an entered apprentice.

2d Bro. Has it got a name?

1st Bro. It has.

2d Bro. Will you give it me?

1st Bro. I'll letter it with you, or halve it.

2d Bro. I'll halve it with you.

1st Bro. Begin.

2d Bro. No, you begin first.

1st Bro. JA:

2d Bro. CHIN.

1st Bro. JACHIN.

2d Bro. It is right, worshipful master.

Mas. What was the next thing that was shown to you?

Ans. The guard or sign of an entered apprentice.*

Mas. Have you got that guard, or sign, of an entered apprentice?

[He draws his right hand across his throat (as aforesaid), to show the master that he has.]

Mas. After all this, what was said to you?

Ans. I was ordered to be taken back, and invested with what I had been divested of; and to be brought back to return thanks, and to receive the benefit of a lecture, if time would permit.

Mas. After you was invested with what you had been divested of what was done to you?

Ans. I was brought to the north-west corner of the lodge, in order to return thanks.

Mas. How did you return thanks?

Ans. I stood in the north-west corner of the lodge, and, with the instruction of a brother, I said, master, senior and junior wardens, senior and junior deacons, and the rest of the brethren of this lodge, I return you thanks for the honour you have done me, in making me a mason, and admitting me a member of this worthy society.

Mas. What was said to you then?

Ans. The master called me up to the north-east corner of the lodge, at his right-hand.

Mas. Did he present you with any thing?

Ans. He presented me with an apron, which he put on me: he told me it was a badge of innocence, more ancient than the golden fleece or the Roman eagle; more honoured than the star and garter, or any other order under the sun, that could be conferred upon me at that time, or any time hereafter.

Mas. What were the next things that were shown to you?

Ans. I was set down by the master's right hand, and he showed me the working tools of an entered apprentice.

Mas. What were they?

* The guard, or sign, as they call it, is by drawing your right hand across your throat edgeways, which is to put you in mind of the penalty of your obligation, that you would sooner have your throat cut across, than discover the secrets of masonry.

Ans. The twenty-four inch guage, the square, and common gavel, or setting maul.

Mas. What are their uses?

Ans. The square to square my work, the twenty-four inch guage to measure my work, the common gavel to knock off all superfluous matter, whereby the square may sit easy and just.

Mas. Brother, as we are not all working masons, we apply them to your morals, which we call spiritualizing; explain them.

Ans. The twenty-four inch guage represents the twenty-four hours of the day.

Mas. How do you spend them, brother?

Ans. Six hours to work in, six hours to serve God, and six to serve a friend or a brother, as far as lies in my power, without being detrimental to myself or family.

I come now to the entered apprentice's reasons; but as the ceremony of drinking healths among the masons takes up much of their time, we must stop a little, in order to introduce some of them. The first is, "To the heart that conceals, and the tongue that never reveals:" then "To the king and royal family;" and "to all brethren wheresoever dispersed."* The pleasures they enjoy, the purity of their sentiments, and the uniformity that always reigns in their assemblies, is far from being tiresome or insipid. I am sensible that anybody but a freemason would take little pleasure in what gives the society delight; but to a mason, every thing that concerns the order is important and interesting. I next proceed to the

ENTERED APPRENTICE'S REASONS.†

Mas. Why was you neither naked nor clothed, barefoot nor shod, with a cable-tow (or halter) about your neck?

Ans. If I had recanted, and ran out in the street, the people would have said I was mad; but if a brother had seen me, he would have brought me back, and seen me done justice by.

Mas. Why was you hoodwinked?

Ans. That my heart might conceal, before my eyes did discover.

Mas. The second reason, brother?

Ans. As I was in darkness at that time, I should keep all the world in darkness.

Mas. Why was you deprived of all metal?

Ans. That I should bring nothing offensive or defensive into the lodge.

Mas. Give me the second reason, brother?

Ans. As I was poor and pennyless when I was made a mason, it informed me that I should assist all poor and pennyless brethren, as far as lay in my power.

Mas. Brother, you told me you gave three distinct knocks at the door: pray what do they signify?

* These toasts or healths, are all drunk with three times three, which is performed in a most regular manner, and an huzza at the end of each, as before described.

† This in fact is only a continuation of the lecture.

Ans. A certain text in Scripture.

Mas. What is that text, brother?

Ans. Ask, and you shall have; seek, and you shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you.

Mas. How do you apply this text in masonry?

Ans. I sought in my mind; I asked of my friend; I knocked, and the door of masonry became open unto me.

Mas. Why had you a sword, spear, or some other warlike instrument, presented to your naked left breast particularly?

Ans. Because the left breast is the nearest the heart, that it might be the more a prick to my conscience, as it pricked my flesh at that time.

Mas. Why was you led three times round the lodge?

Ans. That all the brethren might see I was duly prepared.

Mas. When you was made an apprentice, why was your left knee bare bent?

Ans. Because the left knee is the weakest part of my body, and an entered apprentice is the weakest part of masonry, which I was then entering into.

[Here the brethren resume their glasses, and drink a health, sometimes to the grand master, at other times to the wardens, or other officers, and then proceed.]

THE FORM OF A LODGE.

Mas. Brother, we have been talking a great while about a lodge; pray what makes a lodge?

Ans. Right worshipful, a certain number of masons met together to work.

Mas. Pray what number makes a lodge?

Ans. Three, five, seven, or eleven.

Mas. Why do three make a lodge, brother?

Ans. Because there were three grand masons in the building of the world, and also that noble piece of architecture, man; which are so complete in proportion, that the ancients began their architecture by the same rules.

Mas. The second reason, brother?

Ans. There were three grand masons at the building of Solomon's temple.

Mas. Why do five make a lodge?

Ans. Because every man is endowed with five senses.

Mas. What are the five senses?

Ans. Hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting, and feeling.

Mas. What use are those five senses to you in masonry?

Ans. Three are of great use to me, viz. hearing, seeing, and feeling.

Mas. What use are they, brother?

Ans. Hearing is to hear the word; seeing is to see the sign; feeling is to feel the gripe, that I may know a brother, as well in the dark as in the light.

Mas. Why should seven make a lodge?

Ans. Because there are seven liberal sciences.

Mas. Will you name them, brother?

Ans. Grammar, rhetoric, logic, arithmetic, geometry, music, and astronomy.

Mas. Brother, what do those sciences teach you?

Ans. Grammar teaches me the art of writing and speaking the language, wherein I learn according to the first, second, and third concord.

Mas. What doth rhetoric teach you?

Ans. The art of speaking and discoursing upon any topic whatsoever.

Mas. What doth logic teach you?

Ans. The art of reasoning well, whereby you may find out truth from falsehood.

Mas. What doth arithmetic teach you?

Ans. The virtue of numbers.

Mas. What doth geometry teach you?

Ans. The art of measuring, whereby the Egyptians found out their own land, or the same quantity which they had before the overflowing of the river Nile, that frequently used to water their country; at which time they fled to the mountains till it went off again, and this made them have continual quarrels about their lands.

Mas. What doth music teach you, brother?

Ans. The virtue of sounds.

Mas. What doth astronomy teach you?

Ans. The knowledge of the heavenly bodies.

Mas. Why should eleven make a lodge, brother?

Ans. There were eleven patriarchs, when Joseph was sold into Egypt, and supposed to be lost.

Mas. The second reason, brother?

Ans. There were but eleven apostles when Judas betrayed Christ.

Mas. What form is your lodge?

Ans. An oblong square.

Mas. How long, brother?

Ans. From east to west.

Mas. How wide, brother?

Ans. Between north and south.

Mas. How high, brother?

Ans. From the earth to the heavens.

Mas. How deep, brother?

Ans. From the surface of the earth to the centre.

Mas. Why is your lodge said to be from the surface to the centre of the earth?

Ans. Because that masonry is universal.

Mas. Why is your lodge situated east and west?

Ans. Because all churches and chapels are, or ought to be so.

Mas. Why so, brother?

Ans. Because the gospel was first preached in the east, and extended itself to the west.

Mas. What supports your lodge?

Ans. Three great pillars.

Mas. What are their names?

Ans. Wisdom, strength, and beauty.

Mas. Who doth the pillar of wisdom represent?

Ans. The master in the east.

Mas. Who doth the pillar of beauty represent ?

Ans. The junior warden in the south.

Mas. Why should the master represent the pillar of wisdom ?

Ans. Because he gives instructions to the crafts to carry on their work in a proper manner, with good harmony.

Mas. Why should the senior warden represent the pillar of strength ?

Ans. As the sun set to finish the day, so the senior warden stands in the west to pay the hirelings their wages, which is the strength and support of all business.

Mas. Why should the junior warden represent the pillar of beauty ?

Ans. Because he stands in the south, at high twelve at noon, which is the beauty of the day, to call the men off from work to refreshment, and to see that they come on again in due time, that the master may have pleasure and profit therein.

Mas. Why is it said that your lodge is supported by those three great pillars, wisdom, strength, and beauty ?

Ans. Because wisdom, strength, and beauty, is the finisher of all works, and nothing can be carried on without them.

Mas. Why so, brother ?

Ans. Because there is wisdom to contrive, strength to support, and beauty to adorn.

Mas. Had you any covering to your lodge ?

Ans. Yes, a cloudy canopy, of divers colours, or the clouds.

Mas. How blows a mason's wind, brother ?

Ans. Due east and west.

Mas. What is it o'clock, brother ?

Ans. High twelve.

Mas. Call the men off from work to refreshment, and see that they come on again in due time.

[The entered apprentice's lecture being finished, it is customary for the master to call upon one of the brethren, who can best acquit himself, for the following song, which is always readily complied with.]

SONG,

AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE ENTERED APPRENTICE'S LECTURE.

Come let us prepare,
We brothers that are
Assembled on merry occasion ;
Let's drink, laugh, and sing,
Our wine has a spring ;
Here's a health to an accepted mason.
Chorus. Let's drink, &c.

The world is in pain,
Our secrets to gain,
And still let them wonder and gaze on ;
They ne'er can divine,
The word or the sign,
Of a free and an accepted mason.

'Tis this, and 'tis that,
 They cannot tell what,
 Why so many great men of the nation,
 Should aprons put on
 To make themselves one,
 With a free and an accepted mason.
 Great kings, dukes, and lords,
 Have laid by their swords,
 Our myst'ry to put a good grace on ;
 And ne'er been asham'd,
 To hear themselves nam'd,
 With a free and an accepted mason.
 Antiquity's pride,
 We have on our side,
 And it maketh men just in their station ;
 There's nought but what's good,
 To be understood,
 By a free and an accepted mason.
 We're true and sincere,
 And just to the fair,
 Who will trust us on ev'ry occasion ;
 No mortal can more,
 The ladies adore,
 Than a free and an accepted mason.
 Then join hand in hand,
 T' each other firm stand,
 Let's be merry, and put a bright face on ;
 What mortal can boast,
 So noble a toast,
 As a free and an accepted mason ?

While this song is singing, they all stand round the table, and when they come to the last verse, they join hands cross-ways, in the following manner : The right-hand man takes hold of the left-hand of his neighbour with his right-hand ; and the left-hand man takes hold of the right-hand of his next brother, with his left-hand, so as to form a chain by so many links, and all join in the chorus, jumping violently with their feet on the floor, and shaking their hands up and down, linked together as above, keeping exact time with both.

Every one now talks of what he pleases ; and as it is generally half an hour before they proceed to business, those who perhaps have ordered a supper retire into another room ; but before they are permitted, the master proceeds to *call the men off from work*, as it is termed, which is done in this manner. The master whispers to the senior deacon, who sits on his right hand, and says, " It is high time to call the men from work, to refresh themselves ;" the senior deacon whispers it to the senior warden ; and it is communicated from him to the junior deacon, who carries it to the junior warden ; he proclaims it openly to the lodge, and sets his column* upright, and the senior warden lays

* The senior and junior warden's columns are about twenty-five inches long, and represent the columns that support the porch of Solomon's temple ; the senior's is called Jachin, and signifies *strength* ; the junior's, Boaz, and signifies, *to establish in the Lord*. See the first book of Kings, chap. vii.

his down, which signifies that the junior warden is entrusted with the care of the lodge, while the brethren refresh themselves.

In this place it will be necessary to acquaint the reader how he may discover an entered apprentice by drinking with him in company. Take the glass with your right hand, and draw it across your throat, either before or after you drink, and if an apprentice is present, he will immediately take notice of it, by asking you some question in masonry, which you will readily answer from this book. If he asks you the meaning of your doing that, you may whisper to him, that it is the penalty of the obligation of an entered apprentice. From this answer he will, at a proper opportunity, proceed farther in his inquiry.

The brethren having now regaled themselves, they take their seats, and the master proceeds to set them on again, which is performed in the same manner as the calling off; with this difference, the warden proclaims, "It is our worshipful master's pleasure, that this lodge is called from refreshment to work." The junior warden lays down his column, and the senior sets his up. But as it often happens, that the time will not permit for the fellow-craft's lecture, they close the lodge, which is done much in the same method as that of opening. The senior warden declares it in the following words, "It is our master's will and pleasure, that this lodge stand closed till the first or third Wednesday in next month," according to the night the lodge is held. Then the master, wardens, deacons, secretary, &c. take off the ensigns and ornaments from their necks, and every one is at liberty to depart or stay longer, as they think proper; every thing of masonry is excluded; they talk of what they please, and sing various songs, for the amusement of each other.

(To be continued.)

THE CLOCK.

LINES WRITTEN, AT ERLANGEN IN GERMANY, ON HEARING THE
CHURCH CLOCK STRIKE SIX IN THE EVENING OF OCTOBER 22,
1839. BY CHARLES VERREL.

WHAT! old acquaintance, have I found you here?

Here am I wandering in a stranger land,

And not a voice, save thine, hath met mine ear

For many a day that I could understand.

But thou, old greybeard, with thy scythe and sand,

Speak'st in "a monarch's voice," what all must heed

And all must comprehend, and writ'st a hand,

Our ignorance of which 'twere vain to plead,

In characters so clear that all who run may read.

In sooth, old time, I understand thee well;

Thou talk'st of one more day for ever gone;

And, though thou speak'st it with that German bell,

I know another night is hastening on.

And soon thou'lt prattle of the blue-eyed dawn,
One—two—three—four—five—six, and then the sun,
As at thy call, advancing o'er the lawn,
Begins his course; and when that course is run,
Thou'lt moralize again that one more day is done.

Thou speak'st in many voices, but the tongue
Is universal, in all nations known;
The same when now, from lofty turret flung,
The learn'd Erlangen hears thy solemn tone,
As when thy speaking trumpet is the groan
Of mighty forests, or the crash of trees,
That long resisting fall at length o'erthrown;
Or the soft whispers of the vernal breeze;
The noise of tumbling rocks, the roar of wintry trees.

And for thy writing, every mouldering tower
Holds volumes. Yonder garden, late so fair,
Now tenanted by scarce a fading flower;
Or that wide forest, yellow, brown, half bare,
Who doth not read OCTOBER written there?
While in the church-yard, on the very stone
Raised to defy thee with such pious care,
Oft has thy hand, to make thy prowess known,
Defaced the sculptor's lines and traced instead thine own.

And thou hast written GREY upon this head;
While in my furrow'd cheek may well be kenn'd
THRESCORE AND UPWARDS. And in letters dread,
Five times upon this heart thy hand hath penn'd
DEATH, and the record lives, and to the end
Will live; albeit the cares of life awhile
To brief forgetfulness may kindly tend,
The graven sorrow nought can e'er beguile,
That pains in every throb, and saddens every smile.

Well, thine are melancholy greetings! yet,
Though to mine ear thou bring'st no sound of glee,
Thou grave-companion, I will say, well met!
And if I did not 'twere the same to thee,
For thou wilt still march on, and man must be
Thy sport, thy victim; yet, I bid thee hail!
Content if when thou toll'st the knell for me,
The good shall honour, and the loved bewail,
To meet thee thus, and hear thy more than thrice-told tale.

IONA.

A TALE, FOUNDED ON FACTS, BY E. L.

PART I.

It was in the year 1797, that the "Superb," an English ship of war, rode at anchor, at some distance from the city of Lisbon. The sun had shed his parting ray on the noble ship, that now lay a shroud-like mass on the sleeping waters.

The officers had been enjoying the glorious spectacle of sunset. The orb had plunged into the waters, "in one unclouded blaze of living light," and some were contrasting the same operation of Nature in their own northern clime—its "obscure brightness," with the gorgeous farewell the day had just given them. There is something soberizing to most minds in the transition of floods of glorious light into the dreamy hues of evening, and most of the young men now assembled on deck appeared to feel this influence—more particularly one who stood aloof from the others—leaning pensively over the side of the vessel and watching the broad moon that had just arisen.

At length, the silence was broken by a young lieutenant, who had led too short and too merry a life to experience long a "sympathy with suns that set."

Addressing the surrounding group, and pointing to their solitary companion, he called out,—“I propose, gentlemen, that we leave fair Cynthia with her young Endymion yonder, and retire to the recreations of the evening.”

Saying thus, he walked over with an arch smile to him he had thus designated, who was at the moment looking with much interest at a little boat that was approaching the vessel, and exclaimed,—“How now, Reginald Thurôt, projecting, I perceive, another solitary trip to meet the fair Juno on the wave?”

The person thus addressed bowed a graceful salute by way of answer to his gay young friend, and leaped hastily into the boat, which he assisted a sturdy sailor to row merrily away—having first deposited his guitar beside him on the bench—his graceful movements and fine romantic, but melancholy, cast of countenance blending well with the moonlight scene on the calm and majestic waters.

With a few sturdy strokes, the two good oarsmen soon cleared the ship, and proceeded in silence to near a dark mass of building which appeared to be built in the sea on some rocks, or rather cliffs; and which, by its numerous crosses and sombre appearance, proclaimed itself to be a religious edifice. It was, in fact, a convent, towards which our young Endymion bounded on leaving the boat. He returned, however, and called out to his trusty tar, Tom Browne, to hand him his guitar, and to keep a sharp look-out against surprisal; and, in a few seconds, was striking his guitar with a masterly hand, standing in a graceful attitude on a high rock, not at a great distance from the only ungrated window in the convent. Indeed, Nature had so apparently fully fortified the place from its position over these

perilous rocks, at times bathed by the sea, that further precaution appeared unnecessary—but it was evident the longing spirit for liberty was within—and when was that spirit restrained when genuinely felt!

Thurôt had just added a few notes of a peculiarly rich voice to the tones of his guitar, and was proceeding to sing a Spanish serenade more full of love than well suited the holy precincts, when he was arrested by a signal that had before, on several occasions, made his heart palpitate, and which, though trifling, was sufficient foundation for romantic imaginings in the breast of the enthusiastic Reginald. This was no other than the waving of a delicate white veil, held by a still whiter hand, from the window before mentioned, and on Thurôt's springing closer to the casement, a sealed parcel was dropped from the same at his feet. But as the window was still open, Reginald contrived to throw in a paper, in which he had poured out as much warm-hearted folly as a young romantic sailor ever did. As however he was perfectly ignorant of the person he addressed, her wants, misfortunes, or character, his letter was as wild and vague as his knowledge was uncertain, but a shrewd reader might have concluded from it, that the writer held the happy conviction within himself, that he had made a conquest of some lovely captive within those walls. What, then, must have been his disappointment, when, upon perusing the address of the mysterious packet, Reginald found it to run thus:—"To the Honourable Commander of the English man-of-war, lying within view of the convent of Saint Ursula." Mortified that his adventure had not taken a more personal turn, our young Endymion returned to the honest tar, who, not expecting him for some time, was quietly sleeping on his oars; and shaking him rudely, he ordered him "to be up and stirring, as he wished to return to the ship immediately." Thurôt's curiosity as to the nature of the contents of the parcel determined him on requesting an interview with Captain Ellison that night, in order to put him in possession of the parcel, with the facts attending its committal to his care. He also trusted to his influence with his commanding officer to be made himself the hero of any enterprise the mysterious communication might involve. Upon reaching the vessel, demanding and obtaining the desired interview, he could, however, do no more than acquaint his superior officer, that a few weeks since, as he was indulging in his favourite evening row, and singing to his guitar, he was attracted by the flutter of a white veil from one of the convent windows; that on every succeeding evening, when his duty enabled him to leave the ship, the same signal had been repeated from the same place, and that on this evening, a fair hand had dropped the parcel he now presented: His turn of duty had by this time arrived, and Captain Ellison, reminding him of this, dismissed his young favourite, who tormented himself throughout the night and following morning with conjectures as to the mystery of the white veil. At length he received, late the next morning, the expected summons to the captain's cabin, and with a flushed cheek and eager eye did the handsome young sailor stand before his kind commander, who, remarking his agitation, and inviting him to a seat, exclaimed,—

"One would think, Reginald, that you suspected the nature of the

chivalrous service I am about to propose to you, so eager do you appear to hear and obey; indeed, as you and your guitar have begun the romance, I suppose you are destined by the court of Cupid to finish it '*en preux chevalier*.' " He then proceeded to acquaint Thurôt, that the parcel, of which he had been the bearer, contained a letter to the captain of the English vessel, from a young person signing herself "Isabelle de Castros;" and who represented herself as one who had rashly consented to accept the black veil at an unusually early age, and under excited and enthusiastic views of the pleasures of a religious life; that, too late, she found she had mistaken a paroxysm of piety for a genuine religious vocation, and implored the English captain, for the sake of his children and his sisters, if he had such, to assist in emancipating her from the thralldom which would bind both soul and body; she conjured him also, for the memory of her blessed mother (who had been an English lady), to take her to her maternal relations; referring him to the papers accompanying her letter, as to who they were.

By a singular coincidence it turned out, that Captain Ellison had some connexion with the friends of the fair petitioner, and this circumstance, with that of his being himself the father of three lovely girls, proved a powerful auxiliary to the Spanish maiden's entreaty, which was not the less eloquent, as (although written in English) it was evidently translated from a language and heart alike lofty and glowing, while, with a confiding and dignified sense of truth, she threw herself, without reserve, on the honour of an Englishman, and scorned, as she said, "to send a letter to one with whom she could not trust her name." Had she been less open, the captain might have waited to consult prudence, but naturally gallant and generous, he entered, with all the romance of youth, into Thurôt's various plans for the rescue of the interesting captive. At length it was agreed that Reginald should repair, on that evening, at the usual hour, to the convent, furnished with a letter from his commander, a ladder of ropes, and accompanied by the trusty Browne, and there await the issue. The letter which the delighted Reginald bore to the fair religious, expressed warmly the interest Captain Ellison felt in the success of her enterprise; the more so, as her family were not unknown to him; and he pledged himself for the honourable conduct to the British shores of one who had so fearlessly relied on the gallantry of British sailors. When Reginald expressed his anxiety as to how he could convey this letter to the fair hand for which it was destined, his captain told him that he might be tranquil on that subject, and trust to the ingenuity of the writer of the eloquent epistle, which had proved such an "*elixir vite*" to himself as to engage him at once to undertake so romantic an adventure, which was even a rash one for his friend of five-and-twenty summers.

With a thrilling heart and trembling limbs did Reginald commence this novel and mysterious enterprise; and he, who had beheld from early youth the front of battle undismayed, felt a sickening sensation of anxiety, as, after having waited (for the first time in silence) under the frowning walls of the convent, the sound of the opening window struck his ear, and a roll of cord was let down, to the end of which

Thurôt having attached Captain Ellison's letter, threw himself on the rock, and sought to steady his nerves for the coming events. A period which appeared to him interminable elapsed ere he discerned a scroll of paper floating down towards him, containing the words, "I am ready—be swift and silent." This was no sooner read, than, cautiously returning to the boat (which he had brought up on this occasion as close as possible under the signal window), and enjoining strict silence on the part of Tom (whose only fault was that of loquacity), both returned, furnished with the rope ladder, &c. At length they succeeded in fixing it, with some assistance from above, and having waved his handkerchief in token of encouragement, Thurôt soon felt every fibre wrung (as it were) by the extreme tension of anxiety, as he saw that the young female had fairly planted her foot on the perilous pass from whence a single false step had inevitably plunged her into eternity.

Winged, as it would appear, by alternate hope and fear, in an incredibly short time the dark figure had reached within a few steps of the ground, when, as though the powers had retired just as there was no further need for their exertion, she had sunk insensible to the earth but for the arm of Reginald, who caught and supported a light form that seemed to droop in death, and that showed so fair and pure in the moonlight, arrayed in her sacred robes, as to appear almost too precious a thing to desecrate by a touch.

Respectfully bearing the sylph-like form to the boat, Reginald knelt beside her, chafing her delicate hands, cold as marble, with the tenderness he would have used towards an infant; while Tom, the rough sailor, unaccustomed to the sight of mimic death, exclaimed, as he drew his coarse hand across his eyes, "Why, how now? What's the matter with my daylights? Didst never look death in the face afore? But, my eyes! 'twas all in the natural way of fighting, and not just as a lass was about to be made happy for life." The strange uncouth accents of Browne's voice aroused the slumbering powers of the terrified girl, who now turned on Reginald eyes, where all of "best in dark and bright" centred, to entrance and steal his heart away. The moon never looked on more sympathetic loveliness than that of the fair being who had just cast herself on the rough waves of a stormy world. She should always have been seen by those sister rays, "so calm, so pure, so eloquent," was that young brow, through whose pale transparency you could see the workings of a soul ingenuous, tender, and intelligent.

The sight of perfection (it has been well said) is calculated to produce a feeling of awe; whether the beautiful nun owed the respect and devotion she received on board the "Superb" to the "might and majesty of her loveliness," or to the unaffected modesty of her manners, is uncertain; but no queen could have received more homage than she did from every individual on board.

The captain treated her as a fond parent; and, having given up his own cabin for her use, he supplied her with every female elegance for the toilet, &c., having taken care that her outward dress should be of the plainest and coarsest material; and he now, after some weeks, began to be seriously desirous of obtaining orders for sailing home-

wards, or to meet some British vessel under similar ones, as he dreaded any discovery that might be made of the fugitive, whose certain destruction it would involve, as well as that of the amicable relations that continued to subsist between the Portuguese and English governments.

Isabel's fascinations of mind, manners, and person had not failed to finish the impression which the first glance of her soul-speaking eyes had made on the sensitive heart of Thurôt; she never appeared on deck but in company with him and Captain Ellison, between whom she would walk for hours, after sunset, when no eye could detect her. She would then relate her sad story, how that her mother (a Protestant and an English lady) had been scarcely known to her when she was forced by the unkindness of her father (a Spanish don of noble blood, but bigotted principles) to return to her parents in England. That she had in vain implored to have her daughter, but that Don Castros, whose only dislike to her mother arose from her steady adherence to the Protestant faith, had from early infancy desined his only child for the cloister; that his intentions, once known to the abbess of the Ursuline convent (where Isabel was brought up), were constantly placed before her eyes as irrevocable; while at the same time all the asperities of the conventual life were softened as much as possible to the young heiress, who by her father's will was left all his vast possessions, in case she should accede to his desire to take the black veil without any noviciate, or at least after a very short one. That on her father's death (which occurred about one year before her flight), the anxieties of her youthful mind (being at that time not fifteen), had brought on a severe illness; in the course of her recovery from which, and during the extreme weakness attendant on it, she had been flattered into a rash acceptance of vows, the sacred nature of which she did not then understand, and with which, on her recovery, she found she had no inclination to comply! Thus far the young Isabel accounted for the bold thought which had struck her, as every day, from the window of her cell, she gazed with longing eyes on the British vessel, which brought back the memory of a thousand infant endearments between herself and her mother, when home and liberty had been hers! But to do her justice, the pure and noble mind of Isabel also revolted from certain matters connected with the confessional, &c. which had no small share in determining her in the decisive step she had taken.

With thrilling interest was the story of this young and noble mind heard by both auditors. One, alas! drank in the most impassioned draughts of love and admiration. Nor could it be wondered at, that so circumstanced, a mutual attachment should spring up between the preserver and the preserved; the one, ignorant from innocence and inexperience, had only the wild natural veil of modesty wherewith to conceal her tender feelings; while, in the eyes of the other, Captain Ellison soon saw that devoted passion which the deep and ardent character of his romantic, but hitherto highly principled and steady young friend, rendered but too serious. Under these circumstances, this good man felt it to be his duty to make every effort to have his too lovely charge placed with her natural protectors; and having heard of

a merchant-vessel being about to sail from Lisbon, he determined on confiding her to the master, on whose character he could depend; and, having acquainted Isabel with his purpose, he was shocked at the immediate effect his communication had on her, as, falling at his feet, which she bathed with her tears, she conjured him not to ask her to leave the ship, which, as she said, "was the whole world to her, as it contained the only beings that had ever loved her!" and the tender heart of the father yearned over her, as he became fixed in his conviction of the line of duty he should adopt.

Reginald's despair was more violent in its nature, and he accused the terrified Isabel of coldness, of ingratitude towards one whose soul she had made her own, when she refused to consent to elope from the ship with him, and to become his own for ever. At length his violence alarmed the gentle girl, and she yielded from terror, while her judgment and conscience resisted. Thurôt had laid his plan so well that, on the very night that Captain Ellison was passing on shore, in order to make the last arrangements for Isabel's transfer to a merchant-vessel, the devoted pair effected their escape, assisted by the faithful Browne, who knew the localities perfectly, and rowed them to a village about seven miles from Lisbon, the *curé* of which he had bribed to unite the hands of a brother tar and a peasant girl of a neighbouring village (as he described Isabel to be); and had procured her a dress suitable to the character under which he had represented her; while Reginald, arrayed in a jacket of Tom's, received his lovely bride from the hands of the *curé* with a rapture that more than repaid past difficulties, and obliterated all sense of present danger; yet did the lives of these two beings (exalted now beyond all shade of sorrow) hang by a single thread.

The step they had taken involved the life of both by the laws of their respective countries; but for many days, no thought of evil dimmed the rapturous flow of the hours; as, seated on a little mule, Isabel beguiled their tedious night journies through unfrequented and lonely paths with her smile, her song, and her Reginald's loved guitar (which even in the hurry of her flight she had not forgotten), and he leading her little steed, or sharing it with her, forgot all else beside, as they pursued their course to Switzerland, their proposed resting-place. They always halted during the day in some obscure hamlet, or shady and unfrequented wood; and Isabel, whose conventual life had only increased her love for liberty and for nature, could scarcely support all the new and blissful sensations that now burst as a tide over her young and buoyant spirit, as, "all earth forgot and all heaven around her," she seemed scarcely to tread the earth; and proud was the arch of her snowy neck, and loving the glance of her soft black eye, as she clasped her noble Reginald to her heart, and called him "her beautiful, her own!"—and they were happy—oh! that I could stop here! For one moment, I shall allow the benevolent reader to revel with them in the purest source of bliss earth presents to her children; but, like all springs terrestrial, even the happiness arising from the pure fount of affection *may* soon, *must* ultimately, dry up. The human heart is not an eternal well; happiness cannot then be found there. Some say the mind is its seat; alas! this world is one vast ocean,

strewn with the wrecks of mental ruin; we must enthrone this shadow in the soul, where alone it becomes a tangible, a real, an essential thing. It dwells with the soul of the universe, and visits, in refreshing streams (even here below), those who are stamped with its impress. An union of hope, then, for the soul is, the only imperishable basis for wedded happiness. This, alas! our fugitives possessed *not*. On their arriving in Switzerland, Thurôt determined to pursue his journey to Geneva. At St. Gingoux (a village adjoining) there was a neat cottage and small farm attached, of which he became the yearly tenant; and with the usual improvidence of his profession, and inexperience, having a sufficient sum of money for all present purposes, he anticipated gaily for the future. While the cultivation of his farm occupied his mornings, and his evenings were devoted to rambling with his lovely bride along the enchanting lake scenery which surrounded them, full of the reminiscences of St. Preux and his Julia, or satisfying her inquiring and intelligent mind by reading or study, on those subjects with which her education had rendered her not conversant, he found with delight that Isabel's intellect was worthy the lovely casket that enshrined it. Yet did *he* first awake from the dream of bliss in which their senses had been steeped, and he became painfully conscious that he was a deserter, whose life was due to his country (whose cause he had forsaken in time of war), and that his children could never claim a name stained with dishonour. He had taken that of "Rosenback," and kept himself as retired as possible, only associating with the minister of the place, who was, unfortunately, a rigid orthodox divine of the extreme Calvinistic order, but very much imbued with the spirit of asperity commonly attributed to the ultra preachers of that church. Isabel sometimes heard him, in order to please her husband, but she could not conceal the dislike his manners and preaching inspired her with, as, knowing her bigotted adherence to her own faith, (which no persuasion of Reginald's could induce her to conceal, far less to give up), the old minister's philippics were often directed against her with more zeal than love. Thurôt's religion was that of the head, not the heart; and he strove, by reason and argument, to convince Isabel of its truth; but his cold orthodoxy showed badly beside her warm but mistaken piety; for though the austerities of her religion, and other things connected with it, had disgusted her, yet Isabel loved all of it that she said "*man* had not touched." The birth of a son, beautiful as the day, fastened another link of love, however, to the chain which bound the hearts of the parents, and it was not till death deprived them of their treasure, that Isabel's superstitions became the source of all her future sorrows.

She began to look upon her flight, and subsequent marriage with a heretic, as mortal sins, that must bring vengeance in this world and the next; and in her agony she went secretly to a little catholic chapel at some distance from her home, in order to make as full a confession as was consistent with her personal safety and that of her husband, to a Jesuit minister who officiated there. The voice of the Church was not slow in sending home the arrow of conviction to her heart, although her confessor only knew she had married one of a different creed. A second boy was given her, and once more the mother smiled; but

again the blossom perished, and the parent-flower nearly sank with it. Reginald's unceasing love and devotion never tired during a long illness which succeeded this second loss; and when at length health and strength were, in some degree restored, and that on the fourth year of their marriage, a lovely girl blessed their arms, he hoped that peace and joy would once more visit his home. But a deep melancholy took possession of the mother from the moment of her baby's birth; she scarcely allowed herself to sleep, lest, during her slumbers, death should seize it also; and the unhappy Thurôt saw his two treasures fade daily before him with an agony unsupported by the consolations of true religion. At length, comfort came through the hand of fortune.

Captain, now Admiral, Ellison, had been acquainted by Reginald with his retreat and circumstances on the birth of his second son, and this true friend had ever since conducted Thurôt's business in secret for him. Admiral Ellison now wrote him an account of the death of Isabel's maternal uncle, without leaving any family or will, and that, of course, the law made his deceased brothers' and sisters' children his heirs; he further informed Reginald that he had already taken the necessary steps to have Madam Rosenback's title acknowledged, for which purpose he had made use of the papers committed to his care by Isabel, before she had effected her escape from the convent, and desired that the power of attorney he now sent, might be signed by her, in order that he might receive her portion of the property and transmit it to her, as she might deem proper. He also sent many kind letters from her English friends, containing invitations to Mr. and Mrs. Rosenback to come and live amongst them, and expressing their satisfaction at her escape from an unnatural profession, and one which had shortened her mother's life; as they attributed her early death to the sorrow the account of her only child's destination for a convent had caused her, and the hopeless separation it involved. Remittances to a large amount soon followed this packet, and so many smiles from fortune, Reginald fondly hoped would light up his Isabel's faded eyes once more to bless him with their wonted happy rays. But, alas! her lovely mind and body were alike hopelessly sinking under the pressure of exaggerated, but real feeling; the spirit of mourning possessed her entirely, but not a shadow of moroseness had ever stained her fair brow with its blighting influence, or wrung one bitter word from her marble lips. Her mind and form seemed chastened, and almost sublimated by her mental sufferings; the tones of her lovely voice had acquired a touching tenderness, that often brought tears to the eyes of her still adoring husband; they were like those of an Eolian harp, "monotonous, yet passing sweet." At length the crisis came. One morning the anxious husband missed her from his side: starting up, he called on his beloved, supposing she had stolen in as usual to visit her sleeping treasure in the adjoining closet. He entered—all was blank and cheerless. He flew to his baby's little couch—it was cold and empty; and the icy bolt of death seemed to strike the father's heart, as a thousand horrible surmises struck him. It was winter, and the cold was intense; before rushing out of the house, he seized on the terrified girl that had hitherto been their only attendant, and appealed

to her, by every thing sacred, to reveal all she knew of the flight. Her unaffected surprise and grief at the loss of her mistress and the baby, at length convinced him of her innocence, and scarcely knowing where he went, the distracted husband and father continued, for three days and nights, without rest or food, to pursue his hopeless search. No trace could be found of either mother or infant, although the pitying inhabitants of the neighbourhood had all joined in the pursuit. On the fourth night the bereaved man laid himself down on his widowed bed, but busy, aching memory forbade sleep, and his senses seemed to exist but to torture him. Every well-known object brought the sigh; every familiar sound the tear; all around lay the wrecks of his vanished treasures; and the forsaken man wrung his hands and wept in uncontrollable anguish, as he accused himself of having goaded her he adored to some fatal act, through his opposition to her religious opinions, for he observed that while all other things which usually met his eye, stood in their wonted places, not a vestige of her religious pursuits remained.

Her golden rosary, her crucifix, her missal, her Douay Testament, had all disappeared with a little bottle of water, with which it was Isabel's wont to sprinkle her fair child every day, and which he now suspected must have been holy water; and he, for the first time, asked himself whether his orthodox faith had produced more *practical* results than her erroneous one? At length he arose, and determined to search in a little cabinet that had exclusively belonged to her, whether some of these articles might not have been placed there; and a lingering hope of finding some clue by which he might discover her retreat, animated his search. At length he drew forth her nun's veil, with which Isabel had never parted; and on opening it, the raven hair that, for the last four years, had been allowed to grow in native luxuriance, met his view; and now reached from his hand to the floor in jetty waves. With a cry of despair, the wretched husband remembered it was but the night or two before her flight, that he had sportively displaced the ribbon that bound them, and seen them fall (shroud-like he now thought) around her form, then warm with life and beauty. He shuddered as he thought what might now be the sad reverse, and he pressed the silken tresses to his aching heart as he would have done her corpse.

The next discovery he made, however, restored a ray of hope to the mourner's heart: her pocket-book, which contained the last remittances in checks, to a large amount, on a banker in Paris, was in its accustomed place, but empty; and it now, for the first time, struck him that Isabel's remorse might have led her to give herself up to the powers of the Church, and that she might have returned to the convent of St. Ursula, whither he immediately determined on following her; and the next day, having given up his farm and turned every thing he could into money, he mounted his mule (the partner of so different a journey), and began his perilous journey to Lisbon, although he knew nothing could be more dangerous for himself than a return thither. But no personal consideration retarded Thurôt's progress, although his latent hope of tracing his beloved's footsteps led him frequently out of his way; and the little rest and food he allowed him-

self had nearly worn him out, when, on the sixth evening from the day of his setting out, his spirit was reanimated by the account a peasant gave him of the arrival of a young female at his house the night previous. She had a baby in her arms, and appeared agitated, and in haste. She had refused to remain the night, but said she must proceed on her journey with all despatch, as life and death were in question. She had taken the road to a small town some miles distant, to which the peasant's son had been her guide; and the boy offered to conduct the stranger to the very house where she had stopped, if he would remain with them until morning. It was with great difficulty, and only by bribing him very highly, that Thurôt could get the man to allow his son to proceed immediately with him. Then placing the boy on the mule, and running himself beside it, he proceeded, scarcely breathing, so great was his agitated delight at the prospect of recovering his lost ones. The fatigue he underwent that night, and the number of miles he continued to walk without refreshment, were quite inconceivable, and could only have been endured under such excitement as his; but, at length, in the morning, having reached the object of all his toil, and being introduced by the boy into the house where he had fondly hoped he should find all that made life dear to him, he could not support the disappointment, when Madeline, the peasant he had pursued (supposing her to be Isabel), with her child, met the strained glance of his burning eye-balls, and he sank at her feet in a trance-like state of insensibility.

Long was it ere the worn-out frame of the wanderer could be restored to animation, and then it was only to the endurance of a long and painful illness, brought on by the hardships and misfortunes he had undergone.

Happily he had fallen among good Samaritans; Madeline had arrived at her mother's cottage too late to receive her parting blessing; the hand of death had been there before her, and the wayfaring man was presented to her cares just as the streaming sympathies of her artless bosom had been opened. She sent for her husband to come and assist in the house, while she attended Reginald with the devoted tenderness woman alone can show in sickness.

There, on his lonely cottage bed, during many a night of sleepless suffering, did Reginald bring in review before his mind and conscience, the events of the latter years of his life—and the effect was salutary; for the spirit was humbled within him; and, feeling that he had sacrificed his duty to his country, himself, and his God, through idolatrous affection, he recognized the justice of the punishments he now suffered. He turned in this his dark night of adversity to Him who will never reject those who seek him, and who gave him strength to cast all his cares upon One who so cared for him, as to provide such assistances in his hour of total destitution; in a word, he sought for comfort in that Book whence streams of consolation ever flow for the humble penitent.

He arose from his bed (as he thought) content to be afflicted, until a slight circumstance occurred that convinced him, that the wounds so mercifully bound up could be torn open by many a breath of chilling memory.

On the second day that the invalid had arisen from his couch, the happy Madeline, wishing to assure him of the kindness with which (for his sake) her Josef had treated the little mule, "Flight," this mute companion of so many joys and sorrows was brought to the opened cottage door, that his master might notice his sleek appearance. At the sight of the little animal, a wild cry of agony broke from the pale sufferer's heart; the form of his Isabel, such as when on their flight, four years ago, she had sprang in innocent happiness to his bosom, while their little steed bounded merrily along beneath its double load; all this stood before him.

"Father of mercies!" cried he, "grant me patience, and give me to feel the justice of the rod which corrects my heart's idolatry." Long was it ere he could renew his search, which, however, he did, sanctifying it by becoming a self-sent messenger of mercy to the souls and bodies of the people amongst whom he strayed. This was a work for which his misfortunes as well as his profession singularly adapted him; he had learned from them one lesson, which if the reader become assured of from this tale, it will not have been written in vain. It was this,—that dogmatism avails nothing to him who would save souls; that he who dares invite sinners to the love of Christ, should himself feel that love within his heart, consecrating it to the work, and purging it of every root of bitterness. How little *doctrinal* disquisition should we hear! How few arenas should we see displayed for the gladiators of dogmatic theology on any side in the present day, were all to become as convinced of this truth as they are of the ignorance and guilt of their opponents! The barb of sorrow had entered deep into Reginald's heart; the stricken deer could not hurt the feelings of others; his converse was of love and peace; wherever a spot of common ground existed, he would take it, and thereon erect the standard of the Cross; need I add he was successful even beyond his own hopes, and the peasants of France and Switzerland were sincerely attached to the "good missionary," as they called him.

His subdued and placid countenance had kept the secrets of his sorrows, had not the fingers of care passed a blight over his chestnut locks, turning them prematurely into silver, and stamping his brow with her own furrows; but pardon and peace through the blood of Jesus, had sweetly sealed his soul with the promise of eternal rest; and although the surface was at times troubled, the mourner had now a deep *well* of consolation within, despite his desolation of heart.

Thirteen years rolled on; the bereaved man still sought, but sought in vain, his Isabel; he was more successful in his endeavours to convert souls; and in every village and town a faithful few loved to listen to the words of life, breathed from lips touched by a holy fire, consecrated by the Spirit to the work.

Reginald had hitherto abstained from taking orders, not from any disrespect to the holy ordinance, but having the true liberality and generosity of the Christian, he did not wish to hurt the prejudices of his Catholic hearers, on the one hand, or on the other, to involve in any personal risk he might incur, any body of Christians.

In the heart of the city of Lisbon he had a small and faithful congregation; and he became now so emboldened by his frequent visits

to that city, that he determined to take as many opportunities as possible of visiting the chapel of the Ursuline convent, and of prosecuting his inquiries amongst its functionaries, as to the fate of the fugitive nun, who, it was whispered, had fled some thirteen years since with a common sailor, to whom she had been married, and, as some asserted, had since returned and been immured for her crimes; but, according to others, she had never since been heard of.

Thurôt's anxious and repeated inquiries on this subject at last aroused the observation of the authorities; and it was determined to take an opportunity of seizing and examining the suspected stranger, who, although changed in appearance, so as to have been able to evade any suspicion of being himself the offender, might (it was thought) possibly have some evil design towards the Church, as he was observed to avoid entering the chapel during the sacrificial part of the service, and never to pay any reverence to the altar.

One evening Thurôt lingered about the aisles until the vesper-chaunt rose high within the chapel of the convent; and, on entering, he could almost fancy one voice, that he singled from the rest, must be that one still ringing in the ear of his memory. Long after the strain had ceased, he remained gazing up at the latticed portion of the building destined for the choral sisters, when, at length, he perceived that the chapel was nearly empty, all the lights extinguished, and he was proceeding to the door, when he found his passage to it obstructed by two ferocious-looking men, who, seizing each one of his arms, declared they made him their prisoner, in the name of the Church, for contempt of the holy altar, to which he had made no reverence.

"Friend!" said Thurôt, "I am a Protestant, and adore not the altar, but Him who sits thereon."

"You are a heretic dog!" cried one of the men, laying hold of Reginald by the throat; while the other, striking him on the mouth, muttered something about the gag of the Inquisition.

Hitherto Reginald had been passive, but the slumbering fire of youth and valour now returned to his eye, as, with the resentment of a free Briton, he felt his conscience and person thus attacked, and rising to his full height, and exerting, with one mighty effort, all his muscular strength, he flung the officers of justice from him on either side the marble pavement, and strode along the middle aisle of the church towards a side-door, as he found the grand entrance had been secured before the *fracas*. This scene was witnessed with intense interest by a person who alone of all the congregation had remained, and now, standing in the shadow of a pillar, heard the murderous threats of the ruffians, as, slowly rising, gathering their aching limbs from the ground, and muttering curses, they retired for more assistance.

Wrapping himself in his cloak, and retreating still further into his place of concealment, the stranger, unperceived by any, appeared to await, while Thurôt in vain endeavoured to force the side door. In a few minutes it was opened from without, and the same officers, accompanied by two more robust, and, if possible, more ferocious-looking than themselves, entered, and, with dreadful imprecations, approached Thurôt, whose features had now faded into their usual palor, and who, addressing them in an authoritative, and yet mild tone, said,—

"Desecrate not what you consider a most holy place, by such expressions, in the name of Him for whom you pretend such zeal—your numbers do not alarm me—but if you have authority for your orders, I shall, without further resistance, surrender myself to you."

Awed by his dignified look and manner, one of the officers handed him a paper, which, having looked upon, he returned, saying, "Sir, I am your prisoner." As he passed the stranger's place of concealment, the latter heard him murmur in English, "Imprisonment and death await me, but the servant of the Lord may not strive."

At this moment, a voice, that sounded home his country's accents to every fibre of Thurôt's heart, exclaimed,—“May heaven forsake me if I abandon a countryman at such a pinch as this!” And the hitherto concealed stranger emerged from the shade, his form towering far above even that of Thurôt, and his martial eye glancing through the gloom, seconded well the terrors of his arms, which now descended on either side of Thurôt, shaking off his new assailants, as he cried, “Bear up, sir, and defend yourself against these heroes who are about to indulge in the Portuguese mode of warfare!”

As he spoke, Thurôt, turning round, perceived that a short poinard was within a few inches of his back; disarming the cowardly ruffian, and flinging the instrument from him, Reginald suddenly felt his own arm seized, and himself borne along with irresistible power, and that so swiftly, that not until after he found himself under the clear sky, and saw his protector lock the private door on the outside, was he aware that it was a friendly arm that thus provided for his safety; while a gay and hearty laugh met his ear, and his gallant companion uttered, with much apparent satisfaction, “A night's penance in St. Ursula's chapel will do these murderous ruffians but little harm—while, my good sir, it gives you respite from the thumb-screw, at least for a while—but swiftly and silently, if you please—I must secure the life, scarcely yet safe; you must to my quarters, where I shall conceal you until you can effect your escape, else your life, my dear sir, is not worth an hour's purchase.”

“After God, I thank you, brave sir!” said Reginald, following him, his whole soul filled with gratitude for his escape, which he discovered, on reaching his friend's habitation, he owed to Colonel Beaumont, an English officer, alike remarkable for his majestic beauty of person, bravery of spirit, and kindness of heart.

The frank soldier admired the elegant simplicity of his *protégée's* manners, and felt that uncommon degree of interest for him, that the circumstances of their introduction might easily account for, while this was heightened a hundred-fold, when Thurôt, sometime afterwards, in full confidence, threw open to him the still bleeding sorrows of his bosom, while pity for his griefs, and admiration of his pious and active resignation, all combined to fix in the gallant soldier's heart, the strong desire to save, protect, and comfort him.

In order to effect this, he advised Thurôt again to retire to Geneva, where he promised to send or bring him any tidings he might obtain of his wife and child. His means of information were hopeful, as an Irish lady of his acquaintance was just then receiving her education at the Ursuline convent.

"But I grieve to say," added this generous friend, "that I have little hope that you may ever recover those so cruelly torn from you; and I think it unlikely they should be located in this place, even if (as I have no doubt) both are under the protection of the Church; there is too much mystery about all their proceedings for that; the rich prize Isabel de Castros is, I am pretty sure, safe, *too* safe, alas! But your child—Thurôt—ah! my heart bleeds with you—I, too, am a father—a happy, a blessed husband!"

"To continue such," replied Reginald, "be not an idolatrous one. Oh! my friend! my preserver! love the Giver supremely, and He will bless the gifts."

"Nay," said Colonel Beaumont, "you make me a poor return for saving your valuable life; you are gloomy, and I who never knew what it was to think of death, since we have been so much together, cannot put the thought from me by day nor even by night." And as he said this, an unusually melancholy expression shaded his animated features.

"What you call gloom, my friend," replied Thurôt, "is the only shadow for a broken heart—the only refuge from despair—'my light in darkness'—my hope of immortality. The grave you look upon as so mournful, is the home I ardently long for, yet dare I not pray for it; look on it as Jesus left it, still streaming with the rays of his arisen glory, and you will long to bathe yourself in its blessed beams." While he spoke a heavenly light seemed to play on his features, and Colonel Beaumont saw the reality of his friend's longing after immortality.

"It is comparatively easy, however," observed the Colonel, "to long for heaven, when all we loved on earth is lost; however, my friend, I hope to put you to this proof—for if your daughter be alive, I will search her out, and restore her to you. Ah! why can you not be with my gentle Gertrude? She would cheer, she would comfort you!"

Stung with bitter remembrance, the wanderer exclaimed, "Ah! faithless are the bonds of woman's love! How have I been betrayed; my deep affection repaid by abandonment!"

"Nay," replied Colonel Beaumont, "I pledge my Gertrude for the unfailing truth and devotion of woman; your Isabel only loved her God better than you. You must promise me, if I fail in discovering your own, that my family shall be yours. My lovely Ellen shall be your daughter, and you shall repay my love to you, by making my Lionel worthy to be your own son."

Moved and distressed by the agony of tears these unusual words of kindness drew from the wanderer's heart, Colonel Beaumont muttered, "Those execrable Papist priests ought all to be exterminated."

"My friend and comforter!" ejaculated Thurôt, "may heaven bless your generous enthusiasm! but let me entreat you to lay aside expressions so unworthy your own kind heart, as those you have just now indulged in; and if we have more light, oh! let us have more love than they; in this matter we all offend, and what is the result? they remain unconverted. An injurious epithet never effected a conversion. Let us try the force of pious and loving example. Will you come with me, my friend, where, every night during my concealment here, I have

stolen out, and put my life into the hands of some of the followers of that benighted Church you have just now so hardly designated; with the Bible in one hand, I plant the common standard of the Cross with the other; and the field of my labours is often watered and hallowed by the tears of penitence."

"It is then as I suspected," said Colonel Beaumont; "and you are a preacher?"

"Self-constituted," was the reply, as leading the way through many a lane and winding alley, Thurôt stopped at the door of a mean-looking house, where his well-known voice no sooner made itself heard, than the glance of affection and respect from many eyes greeted the searcher for souls, who, after a short prayer, proceeded to address his weeping flock from the affecting words of Saint Paul, "And behold I know that ye all among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more."

Every tone of that sorrow-stricken voice was in accordance with the pathetic words as he took his mournful leave of his devoted little band. Although loftier themes engaged his powers, and the voice of weeping was hushed, and the balm of consolation poured in, as he cast his loved ones in the Gospel on the supporting arms of a Saviour's mercy; as he declared Him, from experience, to be the only friend, unchangeable, "that sticketh closer than a brother!" And as the Christian preacher warmed with his subject, and soared into the boundless ethics of a Saviour's love, their spirits mounted with his, and a heavenly rapture seemed to pervade the assembly.

Colonel Beaumont was spell-bound. He had never heard any thing in any country so real, so genuine, and therefore so soul-subduing in its fascination, as this eloquence. And as he hurried with his friend from the apartment, (now again filled with the stifled sorrows of parting), he wrung his hand and whispered, "Friend of my soul, we meet again!"

(To be continued.)

THE ENGLISH CORN LAWS.

BY A FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT.

IF there be a question complicated, and of very ponderous bearing, it is that of the mutual exchange of commodities amongst men; it is the question relating to what we call "value," "labour," and "the price of things." But there is no necessity for entering, on the present occasion, into the *metaphysic* part of "political economy." The question of the Corn Laws has been lately discussed very largely, and so much light has been thrown upon it, that the wheels and secret screws of this complicated machine have certainly been thoroughly illuminated; yet illuminating any subject is not unriddling, or explaining it—nay, any subject might have been more plain and comprehensible at any former time, than after it has been minutely anatomized; provided this anatomy lacks the principle of *higher generalization*.

One thing is certain, that England, on one side, has remained sta-

tionary with its price of bread; whilst, on the other, the people of the continent and the colonies have progressed in mechanics, manufactures, and all sorts of industry. Taken from this point of view, therefore, the question stands thus:—that *there was a period* when England manufactured almost exclusively cotton, wool, iron, &c.; whereas, now these articles are *produced largely* in other quarters. But, as living (regulated as it is by the price of bread) is any where cheaper than in England, it follows, that the produce of this country, which sold thirty or forty years ago abroad, *because* it enjoyed a sort of accidental monopoly, will not sell at the present conjuncture of affairs. This anomaly, which, if ever it be consummated in an absolute manner, could not but annihilate the English commerce, was suspended temporarily, some twenty years ago—*first*, by the introduction of complicated machinery, and *secondly*, by the application of steam. Yet, even the first of the above-named correctives (we mean machinery) has been already adopted on the continent, in the United States, &c.; and the only thing remaining, with which England can still *force* a market, is its extended application of steam. The moment that this last weight in the scale of its trade should also be possessed by foreign nations, the commerce of England would come to a standstill. It has been lately observed in a place where no one could have expected such an allegation (we mean in the Commons' House), that England should circumscribe itself to its *internal trade*. The absurdity of this assertion is beyond conception. Without speaking of the vast complication of English wholesale commerce, we would just refer the gentleman who made this statement to a majority of even the shops in this metropolis, when it would become apparent, that perhaps one-third of their business is carried on with foreign countries. On the other hand, the discrepancy of the prices in England and the latter countries is not less palpable. The retail price of the sheet of paper upon which these lines are written, is in London one penny, whereas in Vienna it would be one farthing and perhaps a fraction. A serviceable watch costs, in London, five pounds; for which two or three may be bought in Switzerland, in France, &c. These most homely examples hold good for many other articles of merchandise; and it is obvious that whenever trade can take its *natural* and *unrestrained* course, it will and must decrease, as far as England is concerned. The comparative value of money and merchandise are most discrepant; and commerce can therefore only be carried on, either by conventional and artificial aid, or as long as machinery and steam are not so effectively resorted to abroad as they are in England.

In a word, England does not produce so much as, according to its population, its resources, and its commercial relations, it could produce; *because* the price which such article would cost in England is not that which could be given for by other nations; or, inverting our assertion, labour in England is dearer than its remuneration throughout the world amounts to. What a vast complication of truth these few words imply! They contain, as it were, an epitome of the present industrial state of England! It can never be properly said, that there is not sufficient occupation for the people of this realm, because every sort of merchandise can *obtain some price*;

but it is the *discrepancy* between labour and remuneration which is deleterious, and which, in the present instance, ruins the labouring class of the people. A hundred thousand weavers *would* weave; a hundred thousand girls *would* sew; a million of other people *would* work in other ways; but the work which they might do, is neither ordered nor done; because the people in the United States, or on the Continent, or in the Brazils, do not give, and cannot give, so much in return, as the people in England require. In the present state of English commerce, there are seventeen millions of people who are in opposition to—say *three hundred millions*, with whom they trade.

To remedy this state of anomaly, several expedients present themselves. **FIRST**, to repress the manufacturing and producing exertions of the world, and to give England that monopoly again, which it once possessed. This is impossible. **SECOND**, to increase the price of living (regulated by the price of bread), in the remainder of the world, so as to bring the value of its manufactures to a higher level than that of the English standard. This is equally absurd. **THIRD**, to decrease the price of living in England, so as to bring the price of its manufactures within the reach of the world. This *alone* is possible; and this, as every other political innovation, can be effected in two ways; viz., by a *mutual arrangement* of the parties, the interests whereof are here at issue (viz. the manufacturer and agriculturist), or by more violent processes.

It has been asserted, that the English commerce is increasing—and so it may, as far as it is led into *new* channels (the trading by iron steam-boats up the Niger, &c.); but certainly, many of the ancient and richer channels are drying up. Articles once largely *exported*, are now largely *imported*;* and this must yearly increase, as the extraneous world progresses in manufactures and arts. But if it were to come (as it is the case now), that the English were expatriating themselves to, or employing their capital in establishing manufactures in, *foreign places*, because the profits are expected there to be larger—in this case, the impoverishment of English commerce would be accelerated in a very complicated ratio, taking shipping, rate of commission, storage, &c., into account. And consequently the number of people unemployed would increase in the same manner, as the capital which *might* have given them employment, is conveyed out of the country. This leads to a further complication of affairs. To whatever cause the Tory party may ascribe it (because the popular one is unanimous about it), the *miseries* of the lower classes are very great; and if a map should be composed, upon which the poor-houses alone should be laid down, and statistics of the people living upon public charity be adjoined, it certainly would startle every sensible mind. It is not the case here, as it is in other countries, that the aged and infirm are maintained by their fellow-men—it is the strong, the healthy, the young, the powerful, and, in many cases, the gifted and talented, who are doomed to lead an idle and distressed life. Legislative and philanthropic speculation seems at a loss how to cope with circumstances so ominous;

* Vide Baron Thenard's (President of the Jury of Prises) Report of the last "*exhibition industrielle*" in Paris, which alluded to several articles of that kind.

and certainly, no *partial* remedy will ever be able to overcome them. It is not in Great Britain *alone*, that a remedy can be found for the miseries of those two millions of people, who are a considerable integral of a nation spread over the world, and the wealthy and affluent of which are accustomed to live in boundless luxury. The *remedies* for the embarrassment of a nation which *rules* the commerce of the world, are only to be sought for on the stage of the world itself. The artificial and hereditary *opulence* of the landed proprietors can be only maintained by dooming millions to a not less artificial and hereditary, yet unnatural *starvation*. Where can, and where will, all this end? History answers these questions, by pointing to the agrarian laws, and the French Revolution. Although the latter was produced by causes not exactly similar, yet it was also the faction of the over-rich and over-powerful, which stood between the nation and those reforms which were asked from the government. And *what* was the result?—the burned chateaux of France, their scores of thousands fallen under the guillotine, the scores of thousands dead in exile, answer this question.

Amongst the many objections raised against the repeal, or a liberal modification of the Corn Laws, one must be particularly noticed. It is stated, that *if* the above were the case, the English agriculturist would have to compete with the serfs of Poland, and the other countries of the Baltic, who being accustomed to live on a very moderate scale, would sell the grain at an equally low price. But this objection is entirely futile. Is it to be believed, that the Baltic peasant, who at present does not find it worth while to cultivate his land, and who earns only, say ten pounds a year, would, if he were to earn twenty pounds, content himself to live at the same moderate rate at which he now does? By no means. This surplus yearly ten pounds, he would employ in buying cloth, and calico, and implements, and other manufactures. And as the reduction of the price of living in England would necessarily reduce the price of English manufactures, they *would find* a market in all places—where now they find *none*: *first*, because the people have no money to buy them (*viz.* no produce to give in exchange); and *second*, even if they have some money to spare, they cannot afford the high prices demanded for them, on the very account of the high price of living, of which they are again the consequence. But we find to our great satisfaction, that our arguments are crossing themselves, corroborating each other reciprocally. On the other hand, the agriculturists ought not to be afraid, that the price of wheat would remain at that low price, for which it is now sold on the shores of the Baltic and other agricultural countries. By no means. As the Polish, Egyptian, or other agriculturist, would increase in wealth or competency, his wants and desires for refinements would increase, and with it the price of labour. It could be proved mathematically, that in a few years, the price of bread would regulate itself so as to be the *medium* between the present (artificial and unnatural) high price in England, and the present (equally artificial and unnatural) low ones on the continent, in Egypt, the United States, &c. And what a happy consummation would this be! England being the emporium of the commerce of the world (all parts of which would become open and

accessible to the produce of its manufactures), it is impossible to calculate what great and general improvements such an alteration would bring on in this country ; but, like every thing else which is the result of fair and liberal measures, it would be beneficial and pregnant for all and every party interested.

It has been further objected, that a repeal, or a liberal modification of the Corn Laws, would not benefit the lower classes, as it would bring down the rate of wages. But this is also a very futile objection. In the first instance, if the modification of the Corn Laws would effect this (which there can be no doubt it would), it would just do that, which we assert would benefit the nation at large, viz. bring the price of life and labour more on a level with that of the world, and make an immensity of commercial speculation possible, which is not so at the present moment. And then, is it by the *weight of money* by which men are living, or is it by the amount of produce which they are able to obtain for a certain sum earned? Decidedly the latter. And therefore, the question does *not* turn on that, whether the poor man would earn more money, but whether he would earn more subsistence, under the regulations contemplated. After all, there is much plain truth in Mr. O'Connell's argument, that if bread were plentiful, the poor woman would be able to give her children two slices of bread instead of one, which they get now.

It is a strange occurrence, and perhaps a sign of the times (which some writers have characterized as atheistic), that amongst the many arguments adduced in favour of cheap bread, only those relating to political economy have been broached ; and the philanthropic, I would fain say, Christian, have been entirely blinked. If nothing else, the ten or twenty persons who annually die in London by starvation, are a heavy weight in the scale of argument for the modification of the Corn Laws. But the death of these ten or twenty people is not an occurrence isolated, or standing by itself. Such horrible anomalies are (wherever, and in whatever form they appear) but the acme, the highest degree of a disorganization, which must have attained an unprecedented height, before it could burst forth into such hideous and heart-rending symptoms. Legislation should insist upon, and the higher classes even give up (voluntarily) some of their luxuries—and such a state of things ought to cease. Deep ailments (as well in the physical, as moral world) require a speedy determination, and a well-directed and sincere effort to eradicate them successfully and for ever ; else they undermine the body thus affected, and bring it to the verge of vehement convulsion !

“ Quod medicina non curat, ferrum curat (!), aut imo ignis.”

SONNETS.

BY J. W. MARSTON, ESQ.

SORROW hath uses. Thou ! who wert to me
Absorbent of all love, and sense, and thought,
My every act of being bound by thee,—
The universe, beyond which life had nought

Save that which is another name for death ;
 Thy bodily form no more respires heaven's breath,
 Thy lip is a mute instrument, thine eyes
 Are no more mirrors to the sympathies ;
 And on thy pale, still aspect of repose
 No colour deepens, and no feeling glows.
 The sceptic saith that thou hast faded aye,
 Yet doth strong will empower me to reply,—
 " Oh, not for ever can our spirits part,
 Earth hath surrendered thee, and yet THOU ART."

II.

'Tis common from tradition's voice to learn
 The doctrine of eternity, a creed
 Of verbal signs, whence doth the hearer turn
 To make his home in time's domain, and feed
 Low hopes with low success ; but from him rend
 His heart's elected and peculiar friend,
 And heaven-instructed nature loud doth cry—
 " Loves which survive the grave must have their birth
 In being which the finite doth transcend."—
 I thank thee, oh, dear Father, that a power
 In sorrow dwells, which bids the mind deny
 The aggregated wealth of sea and earth,
 As all unmeet to be its lofty dower.

AD REGINAM.

VICTORIA ! unto thee,
 Thou young resplendent queen
 Of this proud empire of the brave and free,
 Our spirits vibrate. Thou hast seen
 Little of life's dim mysteries,
 Yet more than what suffices to reveal
 The one truth, and the myriad falsities
 Of those who seek its pure light to conceal.
 Gaze on the spectral past—
 Elizabeth the peerless emperess
 Beckons thee to thy throne—on which, at last,
 After long years of discord and distress,
 Thy people hail thee. Oh, but emulate
 That lion-hearted and heroic one,
 Who quelled the dissonance of Church and State—
 She knew to speak with power, and it was done—
 See how the world her memory doth bless,
 Who hurled the Armada into nothingness.
 Even so, Victoria !
 Be thou her more than equal in the art
 Of governing thy people. From afar
 Disperse pure patronage, and heal the heart
 Of broken loyalty. Once more become

The genial mother of our nation's trust—
 Unto the stranger a benignant home,
 And to the weary rest. Then the august
 Britannic diadem shall brighter shine
 On thee, the queen of beauty—blue-eyed heir
 Of a long-blazoned, song-renowned line—
 Bland—generous—universal. All who dare
 To teach thee otherwise, are a false shame—
 Deceiving and deceived ; all who declare
 That thou art not the queen of every name,
 Religious and political, within
 Britannia's realms. To thee, points the best love
 Of thy far-scattered subjects. From the din
 And crash of tempests, mariners gaze above
 To rising Hesper. So from the wild jar
 Of faction, trembling hope aspires to thee,
 Star of new peace—sweet banisher of war.
 Be unto all thy subjects, fond and free—
 Whether the Israelite, self-exiled man—
 The Papalist, whose strong faith defeats strong lies—
 And Lutheran, whose eager reason can
 Rescue vast truths from vague perplexities.
 Therefore I wake the song
 To thee, our hope, our glory, and our might ;
 For unto thee shall still belong
 The fame of well-restoring the quenched right
 Of Catholics, and raising from the dust
 The liberty of Protestants. Let not these,
 Thy bright designs, be cankered by the rust
 Of blinding parties. No ; the fixed decrees,
 That heaven hath registered, are not so crost ;
 Wherefore the charge hath come into thy hand
 To carry on the work. Truth is not lost
 Because her servants err. And in this land,
 Young queen, even thou hast witnessed the fair ray
 Of light that knows no setting—the mild beam
 That tells of love's imperishable day,
 Which shall burn on when we have ceased to dream.
 The Muses honour thee, because the blast
 Of slanderous hate hath done its worst to stain
 Thy pure renown—but when its rage is past,
 Men shall make fairer judgement. Yet, again,
 They shall remember, and behold in thee
 A queen who justly won her nation's smile,
 Because she urged the cause of liberty,
 And cherished, in this passion-struggling isle,
 The hopes of patriots. Unto thee we owe
 Renascent coalition, whose desire
 Is equal patronage, which shall bestow
 Fair play, not unfair privilege. The fire
 Of Britain's genius glitters o'er my soul,
 While I discern that policy revived

Which thus consults the interest of the whole,
 By a pure toleration, heaven contrived.
 Though young and delicately nurtured, yet
 Thou know'st this lesson, and wilt ne'er forget,
 All ministries are measured by this scale.
 By it they stand or fall—they are found good
 As they support its influence, and they fail
 When they renounce it. Therefore have I wooed
 This art of governing an empire torn
 By sects and parties—madden'd by the draughts
 Of Mammon—faction's tools will scorn
 These words, but they are true. No cunning craft
 Of keen diplomacy can long maintain
 Exclusive barriers. They are breaking now,
 And time shall wash away each damning stain
 Of foul monopoly, according to my vow.

ALERIST.

LIBRARY STUDIES.

HAVING adjusted the apparatus of our Perryian inkstand—(a capital invention, dear reader; it has an air-pump which filters and regulates the quantity of the ink, and we recommend thee to purchase a specimen immediately)—we assumed that mighty weapon—the pen!—and then fell into a musing fit. The proofs of the two leading articles of the present number were lying before us, and our heart was swelling with the deep sense of literary wrongs. But there was hope, nevertheless, for authors; proof whereof lay before us:—Mr. Serjeant Talfourd's three excellent speeches delivered in the House of Commons, in favour of copyright extension.* Fine specimens of the chastest eloquence these, in which every period is musical; and which, taken altogether, present the entire argument with a wholeness and a detail that leaves little to be desired. Our approbation of the measure is grounded on the calmest consideration of its benefits. We are aware that mistakes have been made of the mutual intentions of the parties litigant. Mr. Tegg, for instance, has been supposed to be against the extension altogether. On the contrary, we understand, that even he concedes the principle, but would place books in the situation of patents, and grant an indefinite power of renewal of the term from one twenty-eight years to another. We are afraid, however, that this patent regulation wants itself to be amended, and is not a good example whether on the basis of expediency or principle.

In determining these rights, it is, certes, necessary to steer clear of monopoly on one side and robbery on the other. We must aim at making monopolies of all kinds as few and as brief as the encouragement of individual exertion will permit. And when we have determined the time in which such monopolies shall legally exist, we must take care that they suffer no violation within that period.

Serjeant Talfourd, to whose exertions in the cause of authors the world owes much gratitude, conceives that it is desirable to extend this term to sixty years. We should have no objection to this term being renewable, *ad infinitum*, on special application. The prospective action of this regula-

* Three Speeches delivered in the House of Commons in favour of a measure for an Extension of Copyright. By T. N. Talfourd, Serjeant-at-Law. To which are added, the Petitions in favour of the Bill, and Remarks on the Present State of the Copyright Question. London, Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1840.

tion would injure none and benefit all. At present, the mischief is, that if an author dies twenty-eight years after the date of his publication, the property is lost to his family. According to the above proposal, let him die when he will, his family would enjoy the benefit of the copyright sixty years after his decease.

If the right of renewing the term were added on payment of fees, as is the case in the law of patents (which should be made as analogous as possible to the law of copyright), the fees should not be too high, as is notoriously the case in the present patent system. A fee of £1 would in all respects be preferable to the exorbitant charge of £120 now demanded. But as we intend to dissect the patent law in a separate article, we need not add more at present.

The law of copyrights has risen into very great importance as respects authors, publishers, and the public at large. If privileges of authors are no longer recognised—if that literary patronage, so warmly recommended by Dr. Southey, and approved by Sir Robert Peel, is not to be recalled—at least let the rights of authors be clearly defined and steadfastly maintained. This is the more desirable, as authorship has now become a distinct profession, of immense extent and unbounded influence, so as to attract the especial scrutiny of politicians in every civilized state.

We know not that we can place the whole argument in a better point of view, than by extracting from Serjeant Talfourd's very elegant volume the petition of Mr. Thomas Hood.

PETITION OF THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.*

"THE humble petition of the undersigned Thomas Hood,

"Sheweth,

"That your petitioner is the proprietor of certain copyrights which the law treats as copyhold, but which, in justice and equity, should be his freeholds. He cannot conceive how 'Hood's Own,' without a change in the title-deeds as well as the title, can become 'Everybody's Own' hereafter.

"That your petitioner may burn or publish his manuscripts at his own option,—and enjoys a right in and control over his own productions which no press, now or hereafter, can justly press out of him.

"That as a landed proprietor does not lose his right to his estate in perpetuity by throwing open his grounds for the convenience or gratification of the public, neither ought the property of an author in his works to be taken from him—unless all parks become commons.

"That your petitioner, having sundry snug little estates in view, would not object, after a term, to contribute his private share to a general scramble, provided the landed and monied interests, as well as the literary interest, were thrown into the heap; but that, in the meantime, the fruits of his brain ought no more to be cast amongst the public than a Christian woman's apples or a Jewess's oranges.

"That cheap bread is as desirable and necessary as cheap books, but it hath not yet been thought just or expedient to ordain that, after a certain number of crops, all corn-fields shall become public property.

"That whereas in other cases long possession is held to affirm a right to property, it is inconsistent and unjust that a mere lapse of twenty-eight, or any other term of years, should deprive an author at once of principal and interest in his own literary fund. To be robbed by Time is a sorry encouragement to write for Futurity!

"That a work which endures for many years must be of a sterling character, and ought to become national property—but at the expense of the public, or at any expense save that of the author or his descendants. It must be an

* This petition was thought too richly studded with jests to be presented to the House of Commons; but its wit embodies too much wisdom to allow of its exclusion from this place. It is therefore inserted, by permission of its excellent author.

ungrateful generation that in its love of cheap copies can lose all regard for 'the dear originals.'

"That whereas your petitioner has sold sundry of his copyrights to certain publishers for a sum of money, he does not see how the public, which is only a larger firm, can justly acquire even a share in copyright except by similar means, namely, by purchase or assignment. That the public having constituted itself by law the executor and legatee of the author, ought, in justice and according to practice in other cases, to take to his debts as well as his literary assets.

"That when your petitioner shall be dead and buried, he might with as much propriety and decency have his body snatched as his literary remains.

"That by the present law, the wisest, virtuous, discreetest, best of authors is tardily rewarded, precisely as a vicious, seditious, or blasphemous writer is summarily punished—namely, by the forfeiture of his copyright.

"That in case of any infringement on his copyright your petitioner cannot conscientiously or comfortably apply for redress to the law whilst it sanctions universal piracy hereafter.

"That your petitioner hath two children who look up to him, not only as the author of the 'Comic Annual,' but as the author of their being. That the effect of the law as regards an author, is virtually to disinherit his next of kin, and cut him off with a book instead of a shilling.

"That your petitioner is very willing to write for posterity on the lowest terms, and would not object to the long credit, but that when his heir shall apply for payment to posterity, he will be referred back to antiquity.

"That as a man's hairs belong to his head, so his head should belong to his heirs—whereas, on the contrary, your petitioner hath ascertained, by a nice calculation, that one of his principal copyrights will expire on the same day that his only son should come of age. The very law of nature protests against an unnatural law which compels an author to write for anybody's posterity except his own.

"Finally, whereas it has been urged, 'if an author writes for posterity, let him look to posterity for his reward'—your petitioner adopts that very argument, and on its very principle, prays for the adoption of the bill introduced by Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, seeing that by the present arrangement posterity is bound to pay every body or any body but the true creditor."

Woman's Mission. The Second Edition. London: John W. Parker, West Strand. 1839.

M. Aimé Martin has written a work, *Sur l'Education des Mères*, from which the present writer has drawn the idea of the volume before us, and part of which she has translated into the same; and she hopes that these specimens may induce the English reader to turn to the French original. The power and influence of women certainly deserve consideration—of the latter they have more than men; and of the two, the latter is the most operative. Opinions, disposition, sentiments and character are the work of influence. In considering the principle of social regeneration, the authoress reminds us, that "an error in first principles can be rectified by no after-application of scientific rules." How grandly true! "Neither in political institutions, nor in intellectual cultivation, should we seek the moral regeneration of the world. It is neither industry, nor science, nor machinery, nor books, which can make the happiness of a people." Man is a recipient of divine and moral influence from the Eternal Fountain of such—with this governments have nothing to do; but to the mother is granted the sympathetic affection that can appeal both to the reservoir and to the spring. "Napoleon said one day to Madame Campan, 'The old systems of instruction are worth nothing. What is wanting, in order that the youth of France be well educated?' 'Mothers!' replied Madame Campan. This reply struck the Emperor. 'Here,' said he, 'is a system of education in one word. Be

it your care to train up mothers who shall know how to educate their children!" "

From this point the writer proceeds to treat of maternal influence, which she contends is more especially operant on the character of men. Most great men have had extraordinary mothers, and it seems as though by some peculiar influence, the nature of the mother acts upon the son. Boys are improperly removed sooner than girls from the beneficial atmosphere of purity and love, with which family affection, and, above all, maternal affection, environs them. It is the mother who, as the source of moral influence, is the former of the *moral atmosphere*. Let each mother engrave upon the heart of her son such an image of feminine virtue and loveliness, as may make it sufficient for him to turn his eyes inward in order to draw thence a power sufficient to combat evil, and to preserve him from wretchedness. And here is a great inducement for mothers to cultivate their intellectual powers, for those powers will materially affect their influence over grown-up sons. Unintellectual mothers of gentle tempers, good sense, and strict moral principle, may be, and often are, most excellent trainers of childhood; but it is important, that, as sons emerge from childhood, respect and veneration be added to fondness. Progression is important to the mother—length of days should increase her wisdom.

In proportion as woman is respected is society elevated. On the other hand, if the advance of intelligence in men is not met by a corresponding advance in women, the latter lose their equilibrium in the social balance. As to the equality of the sexes, mental and *physical*, our author treats the notion with contempt. She advocates expansion of views and contraction of operation—the awakening the sense of power and limitation of its exercise. She proposes that the intellect of women should be invigorated only to enlighten the conscience—the conscience enlightened only to act on details—and graces and accomplishments cultivated only or chiefly to adorn obscurity. The established opinions concerning the true sphere of women, whether dictated by reason or derived from intuition, are right; they require self-renunciation. The greatest benefit which they can confer on society, is to be what they ought to be in all their domestic relations. Conscience and charity (or love) are the very essence of woman's beneficial influence, therefore every thing tending to blunt the one and sour the other is sedulously to be avoided by her. It supposes, indeed, some magnanimity in the possessors of great powers and widely-extended influence, to be willing to exercise them with silent unostentatious vigilance. There must be a deeper principle than usually lies at the root of female education, to induce women to acquiesce in the plan which, assigning to them the responsibility, has denied them the *éclat* of being reformers of society. Our author requires the purest self-devotion on the part of women.

As to the education of women, she contends that that of our grandmothers was well-grounded, though not sufficiently comprehensive. It needed extension beyond the physical, to the intellectual and moral being and comfort of her husband and children. Accomplishments must not be acquired for public exhibition. The vain and selfish exhibitor of paltry acquirements will never mature into the mother of the Gracchi;—the tutelary guardian of the rising virtues of the commonwealth. No education is good unless it bears on the future duties of the educated. Love and its temptations, maturity and its responsibilities, must be provided for. Wisely denied a liberty of choice, woman's power of rejection is a mighty engine, not sufficiently appreciated. If used in defence of morals, what a beneficial change might women not thereby effect in the tone of society! Is it not a subject that ought to crimson every woman's cheek with shame, that the want of moral qualification is generally the very last cause of rejection?

A mother goes out of herself to live in her child. But women ought to know, and how shall they know, if no one dare tell them? that they are only

mothers in the true sense and comprehensive dignity of the term, if they labour in developing the *souls* of their children. No woman ought to undertake duties so responsible as the maternal without having counted the cost, and fairly estimated the probability of being able to fulfil them.

In conclusion, the saying of the French woman may be quoted to be denied:—"We are born to adorn the world, rather than to command it." "We are born," says the author before us, "for neither. We are born for a nobler destiny than either; we are born to serve it." Such, in a few words, is the scope and spirit of this volume.

Poems of Chivalry and Faerie, and the Olden Time. BY WALTER PRIDEAUX, ESQ. Smith and Elder.

Welcome by the manes of Ariosto and Spencer—right welcome are ye to Lays of Chivalry and Faerie. In this dirty age of coal-gas and steam we never expected such refreshments; yet here they are—bouquets of fancy flowers—ambrosial—unfading—roses without thorns, just plucked from "the paradise of daintie devices." The faeries, we imagine, will soon be *deterré*, as Pope said of Johnson, both by the *knowing* ones of the east end, and the *glowing* ones of the west end.

Smile all ye loves, and all ye lovers,
And all ye sentimental rovers,
The faeries are neither dead nor buried,
They are all alive and merry, and most of them married.

Aye, by the personal affidavit of the muse-inspired Troubadour, who sends us this piquant little volume, imprinted in a style worthy of one of Dibdin's ecstasies. We had long indulged the hope that some of the "gude people" would yet cross our path; and here they are bearing, as in the old time, charmed lives and inviolable youthfulness.

The beings of the mind are not of clay—
Essentially immortal.

As supernaturalists we rejoice in every demonstration of the etherial spirit world; from the Prometheus of Æschylus down to Jack o'Lantern.

The intelligible forms of ancient poets—
The fair humanities of old religion;
All these have vanished; yet they reappear,
For still the heart doth need a language—still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names.

Well done, Coleridge of Coleridges. To the philosophy no less than to the poet, the study of mythology is intensely interesting. Under its fantastical symbols and shadowy impersonations, are many of the divinest verities enveloped and sealed up. When shall the arch magician arrive, who shall unveil these resplendent mysteries? The theosophists have done much to explain the mythology of the Oriental and classic states; but that of the Gothic and Celtic tribes is still extremely obscure. We are not left, however, without a sufficient number of scattered notices on the subject, if any laborious antiquary, with a dash of the imaginative in his composition, would take the pains to collect them. In one of the latest editions of the Eddas, we have seen numerous annotations that throw new light over these intricate topics: an excellent epitome of such matters might be formed from the German, French, and English scholars that have, of late years, travelled into fairy land. We propose, at some future time, to astonish the world with some such performance. Meantime, for the special edification of our readers, we quote an introductory note of the present little volume, and one of its most characteristic chansons.

"The story of the following poem is somewhat similar to those of Sir

Lanval and Sir Gruelan, which may be found in the collection of Fabliaux of M. Le Grand, and in the elegant translations of Mr. Way. The ancient poems and romances are full of tales of knights who had strange encounters with the fairy race, and many of the heroes of chivalry had the reputation of having had fairies for their wives or mistresses. These stories were not confined to works of poetical romance: they were commonly believed both in the north and south of Europe, a fact abundantly proved by the serious manner in which they are related by other authors, besides the writers of fiction.

"Gervaise of Tilbury, writing in the beginning of the thirteenth century, to the emperor Otho IV., says, 'It has been asserted by persons of unexceptionable credit, that fairies used to choose themselves gallants from among men, and reward their attachment with an affluence of worldly goods; but if they married, or boasted of a fairy's favours, they severely smarted for such indiscretion.'

"Einer Gudmund, a native of Iceland, mentions as an undoubted fact, that a fairy bore a child to an Icelander, and claimed for the infant the rite of christian baptism, depositing him at the gate of a churchyard, with a golden cup as an offering.

"Brantome relates that the famous Guy de Lusignan, Count of Poitou, was married to a fairy, whom he calls *The Fairy Melusina*, by which I suppose she was known in some other character than that of the wife of the hero of the crusades, though I do not find her name in any other faerie legend. She built him a beautiful castle, by the aid of magic, and was the mother of many children; a condition was attached to their union, that he was never to intrude on her solitude. In an unlucky moment he violated his promise, from a desire to see her in her enchanted bath, and she departed in the shape of a dragon, uttering the most woeful cries. No one ever beheld her afterwards, but her wailings were often heard by her descendants; and when the castle of Lusignan was destroyed, she was heard to utter the most touching lamentations around its towers.

"Chaucer, in the *Wife of Bathes Tale*, writing about the middle of the fourteenth century, speaks of the fairy race as of a conquered people, driven from the land by the '*grete charitee and prayeres of limitours and other holy freres*.' But he tells us that

" 'In old dayes of the King Artour
Of which that Bretons speken gret honour,
All was this lond fulfilled of faerie,
The Elf-quene with hire joly compaignie
Danced full oft in many a grene mede.'

"It was one of the charges against Joan of Arc, that she had frequented the fairy fountain at Dompré, and owed her power to talismans received from the fairy race; and although, by the above passage from Chaucer, it would appear that the belief in the influence of these beings had almost departed in his time, the following instance, amongst many that might be cited, from a judicial record in Scotland of the conviction of Alison Pearson, who suffered death for witchcraft in 1586, will show how firm it was in the north at a much later period.

"She was indicted, 'For hanting and repairing with the gude neighbours and Queene of Elfland, thir divers years by-past as she had confessed; and that she had friends in that court *which were of her own blude*, who had gude acquaintance of the Queene of Elfland,' &c.

"The gude neighbours here alluded to are fairies, for, notwithstanding that these harmless spirits were included by the Church in the general denunciation against witches—'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live'—the fairies were very commonly called 'the good people.'

"The forest of Brechelian, somewhere in Brittany, was the most celebrated

scene of fairy adventure.—The imagination of the poet filled it with enchantment, and peopled its solitudes with a supernatural and mysterious race. It was the land of magic and of chivalrous deed. There dwelt the invisible and the mystic knight, whose nature had been changed by the enchanter; and thither repaired the warrior, who, having already sufficiently established his reputation in combat with his mortal enemies, had yet to add to its brilliancy by giving battle to monsters and subduing the enchanter. To this forest the ecclesiastic, Wace, made a journey, with the view of seeing the wonders that it was reported to have contained; and he mentions gravely, and with a tone of disappointment, that he saw the forest, but found none of the marvels that he went to see.

“The ballad of The Knight and the Fairy, which follows the Lay of Sir Amys, and to which this may likewise serve as an explanatory note, is grounded on a story which the author remembers to have read, but has lately searched for in vain. The heroines of the two ballads are beings of a very different character, and, indeed, there appear to be some discrepancies in the natural history of the fairies, who have often been confounded with other imaginary beings. Sometimes they are represented as a minute race—‘in shape no bigger than an agate stone’—perfect in symmetry, but so small as to inhabit the bell of the cowslip or the foxglove; other times we read of them as beautiful beings, matched with the human race in size and form, but possessed of a supernatural existence. Again, some stories represent them as not only harmless, save to punish the sluggard, the untidy housewife, or the slut, but possessed of all good feelings, and in nowise akin to the spirits of evil. Such are the fairies of Sir Amys; whilst the fairy princess to whom the knight in the other ballad is unconsciously wedded, is one of those spirits of sin—beautiful in form, and possessed of human affections,—but by some sad and unexplained necessity, allied to the fiends of darkness, and deriving her fascinations from the prince of evil. They are thus differently spoken of under the same name, as the fabled, or the minstrel, required them for the purposes of his story.

“The mythology of ancient Greece awakens, perhaps, a higher sort of interest than the fairy mythology, by making its creatures the representatives of particular classes of human sentiments, and of abstract ideas. It is allegorical as well as picturesque. But, although the belief in the fairy world has departed, the exquisite beauty of this imaginary creation renders it one of the most charming ornaments of poetry. The mind that has dwelt upon these fictions perceives an additional charm in nature. The wood, the close-shaven green, the solitary glen, and the rocky mountain, all beautiful in themselves, are rendered yet more so by the fancy which sees them peopled with a mysterious race, and figures to itself their grotesque dances, and the woodland court of the fairy queen.

“Some obsolete words, and antiquated expressions, have been used, almost unconsciously, in the Lay of Sir Amys; the author has left them there, believing that they do not injure the character of the poem. They are impressions of the mould of antiquity, in which he has endeavoured to cast his thoughts.

“THE FAERY WIFE.

THE guests are gone—the feast is done,
Hushed is the minstrel’s strain,
A lady and her lord alone
In the festal hall remain,—
The guests are gone, who late were there,
The proud, the high-born and the fair.
The lady’s cheek is flushed and warm,
Her neck, like marble white;—
Fondly she rests her beauteous arm
On the shoulder of the knight,
And, hanging on his neck, receives
The amorous sigh his bosom heaves.

A parting kiss, and a fond adieu,
 And that lady fair is gone ;—
 The hall is still—the lights are few—
 And the Baron is left alone,
 And where his guests had lately been,
 Strange forms of chivalry were seen.

Knights in armour, and horses in mail,
 Figures of warriors bold,—
 Helm and hauberk on massive nail,
 Stirrup and bridle of gold,—
 Pennon and lance, and glaive and shield,
 Burnished and bright for the battle field.

Midnight on the castle bell
 Had just begun to toll,
 When a form the Baron knew full well
 Into his presence stole ;—
 It walked up close beside his chair,
 With stately step and solemn air.

'Twas the Abbot of the Carmelite friars—
 Before the Baron he stood,
 From his girdle hung his roll of beads,
 And the figure of holy rood,—
 He looked around with searching eye
 To see that none beside were nigh.

Welcome—welcome—holy friar !
 Welcome by night or day !
 Whatever of me thou dost desire,
 Lord Abbot, I prythee, say !—
 My sword, my hand, and eke my blood,
 Are thine to use for the Church's good !

Our Lady bless thee, gentyl knight !—
 I come not to demand
 Thy knightly aid, thy noble blood,
 Nor an acre of thy land ;
 My lonely visit this night to thee
 Is a mission of Christian charity.

I come to tell thee an awful truth
 'Tis fitting that thou shouldst hear,
 Though it rob thee of thy chief delight,
 And fill thy soul with fear ;
 For thou art bound with a fatal spell
 By the lady that thou lovest so well.

Sir Knight, she is no mortal thing,
 But a devilish spirit of hell,
 In the fairest form of clay wherein
 A spirit did ever dwell :—
 Thou tookest, the night that thou didst wed,
 An evil spirit unto thy bed.

She was a faery queen, who long
 Had power o'er air and earth,
 By an eternal league of sin
 With the devil who gave her birth ;
 Her beauty, in an evil hour,
 O'ercame thee with its fatal power.

The Baron's face turned ghastly pale,
And he clenched his fist with rage ;—
But the Abbot he was a reverend man,
And his form was bowed with age,
And none could hear his voice, nor feel
That he spake for man's eternal weal.

Sir Knight ! he said, I fain would prove
The truth of what I tell,—
In our chapel, on the Sabbath day,
Go watch thy lady well,—
Examine narrowly what doth pass,
When she goeth there to mass :

And thou wilt see that she doth seem
To tell her beads and pray ;
But ere the Host is raised on high
She walketh straight away.—
No power on earth could hold her there
When the body of our Lord we bear.

The Baron's limbs they shook with fear,
And his cheek was cold as clay,
For, sooth to tell, his lady dear
Had always walked away,
Ere the Abbot before the altar stood,
With our holy Saviour's body and blood.

Benedicite ! my son !
To my convent back I go ;—
The truth is said—my task is done :
For thy future weal or woe,
I charge thee break the fatal spell
That binds thee to a Spirit of Hell.

Away then walked that holy friar,
Muttering ghostly prayers :
The Baron was bold, but his blood ran cold
As he stepped the oaken stairs,
And stood beside the nuptial bed,
Where his lady laid her beauteous head :

Softly slumbering on her couch,—
In deep repose she lay ;—
Her hair unloosed, hung o'er her arms
In beauteous disarray ;
And her swelling bosom white as snow,
Beat with an equal ebb and flow.

Alas ! that night was a grievous night,
Which followed the festive eve,
To the husband of that lady bright,
Who laid him down to grieve,
With anxious fears, and doubting mind,
And fancies of a fearful kind.—

To the convent of the Carmelite friars
The old and young repair,
'Tis the Sabbath day, they wend their way
Unto the house of prayer ;
And thither with a courtly train
The Baron passed from his domain.

That day he told his yeomen bold
 At his lady's side to stand,
 Or, when she prayed, to kneel and hold
 Her silken robe in hand,
 When the Abbot before the altar stood,
 With our holy Saviour's body and blood.

Before the altar down she knelt,
 And straight began to pray,
 She said her creeds, and told her beads,
 In a seeming zealous way ;
 And the Baron all the while was nigh,
 Watching her with an anxious eye.

But when the Lord Abbot began
 To consecrate the Host,
 Trembling, and turning pale and wan
 Like to a midnight ghost,
 She straight arose, with troubled air,
 To leave the house of Christian prayer.
 Fast they hold,—the yeomen bold,—
 They hold her mantle fast,—
 Six stalwart arms her kirtle hold,
 'Till the raising of the Host,
 When, deep as thunder pealing round,
 The air rang with a fearful sound.

The roof of the chapel was torn away,
 And an opening wide was there,
 Through which that fair, but evil fay,
 Had passed into the air ;
 Still in their hands the yeomen bore
 The kirtle and mantle which she wore.

With a shriek and a howl she passed away,
 And never was seen again :
 But often, at the close of day,
 Around the baron's domain,
 Her voice was heard with a moan and a sigh,
 Lamenting her fatal destiny.

Sometimes were heard a shriek and a howl,
 When the night was dark and drear,
 When the wind blew shrill, and the lonely owl
 Hooted, as if with fear,
 In the dark recesses of the tower,
 Where once that lady had her bower.
 And sometimes when the night was clear,
 And the moon shone o'er the dale,
 Around the castle ye might hear
 Her voice, with a tender wail,
 Sighing for those she loved below,
 In a deep and touching tone of woe."

The Eglinton Tournament and Gentleman unmasked, in a Conversation between the Shades of King James V. of Scotland and Sir David Lindsay, of the Mount. BY PETER BUCHAN. Simpkin & Marshall.

This is a very amusing, readable little book. It contains a considerable body of matter-of-fact, though by no means written in a matter-of-fact style. As we have already reviewed the affair of the tournament, we need add little

here. The description we quoted from the *Morning Herald* is introduced into the present work, but without acknowledgment.

Trip to the Far West. BY BAKER PETER SMITH. Sherwood & Co.

This is a little journal of a tour in Cornwall, dedicated to the Cornish ladies, for whom the author cherishes a right fervent admiration—in which, as a Cornishman, we heartily sympathize. Let us but quote this passage, dear damsels of our native county, for your especial edification:—"I feel ineffable satisfaction in stating, that much as I was amazed and gratified by the beauteous and wonderful places I visited, and the works of art which I surveyed, there was yet one subject of surpassing interest, one source of predominant delight—whether it was their personal beauty, or their graceful manners—their frank expression, or sweet simplicity—one thing I know, that I left Cornwall charmed with that lovely and magnificent region, and still more enamoured with the beauty and comeliness, the manners and piety, of the Cornish ladies." Now, by Cupid and Venus, do you call this nothing? If Mr. Smith is a bachelor, as many of the Smiths are, we tremble for his celibacy. The little book is altogether a specimen of light writing and light reading—half an hour's *delassement*, and no more. It contains some anecdotes anent Cornish mining, that may be useful to several people we know in the city. "I was lamenting (says Mr. Smith) the sacrifices made by the Londoners, whose avarice incited them to work mines which the Cornishmen deemed unprofitable. 'You've hit it—you've hit it, my friend,' said my fellow-passenger; 'I can assure you, that if capital were wanted in a rational undertaking, Penzance alone can raise £90,000; so that there are fearful odds against London speculators, and that mine is a *Wheal rara avis* which first and last promotes their *weal*.' There is a notable tin mine situate a few furlongs to the south-west of Penzance, called the Wherry mine. It is also termed the *Wheal Wherry*, the *Huel Wherry*, or *Huel Ferry*. The general opinion is, that the word *wheal*, or *huel*, is ancient British, Gaelic, Celtic, or Erse. I find the word *wheal* in my Bailey, expounded *fire*, *ignis ratá*, among chemists, a fire for the melting of metals, &c. But the Cornishmen tell me that *wheal* means *mine* or *riches*, which is reconcileable with our use of *wealth*, *weal*, or well being. I instanced a lamentable case of a man who, after saving a fortune, by standing behind the bar of a city gin-shop, had, in a short space, lost £10,000, by a Cornish mine. 'I remember,' said another passenger, 'the case of the Wherry mine being re-opened by a set of mad adventurers, whom no Cornishmen joined, thinking it hopeless; and upon that occasion, one Cornish gentleman said to his neighbour, as they were chatting over their wine—'Friend Coolish, do you purpose holding shares in the *Wherry*?' 'No,' said he, with a look of unfeigned astonishment, 'I am not so *werry* foolish.' The Londoners spent more weight in gold in working this mine than they extracted of tin.' A third passenger, who seemed in his glory, said,—'The first mine I lost by was the *Wheal Diddle'em*, and the next the *Wheal Cheat'em*.'" Our author justly recommends the Cornish spade, which is generally triangular, in order to penetrate hard stony ground, but whose principal advantage consists in being furnished with a long handle of five or six feet, a most invaluable lever. A labourer having unearthed divers roots of potatoes in an easy position, triumphantly exclaimed, "That's the way we do it; we can work all day without bending our backs!" But we must now wish Mr. Smith a good morning; warmly recommending his little book to the lovers of Cornwall, and hoping to meet him again in the same good humour.

LITERARY NOTICE.—EARLY IN MARCH,

GEOMETRICAL PROPOSITIONS DEMONSTRATED; OR, A SUPPLEMENT TO EUCLID: being a Key to the Exercises appended to the 'Elements,' by W. D. COOLEY, A.B., author of the 'History of Maritime and Inland Discovery.'

THE QUEEN'S MARRIAGE—SOCIALISM—LITERARY PENSIONS.

MONDAY, the 10th February, was a happy day for Victoria, Queen of England. On that day she was united in wedlock with Prince Albert of Saxe Gotha Cobourg—a young man amiable and accomplished beyond the mark of ordinary princes. Some men have desired that the husband had been older—we are not of that school. We hold that the parity of years is a good auspice to both bride and bridegroom. More than all, have we reason for much hope in the fact, that the holy rite has wedded loving hearts. There can be no doubt of the attachment on both sides. This is not a state marriage—not a mere marriage of convenience—or even of duty—but a marriage of love. There is a world of significance here, if we have but skill to interpret it.

Faith, hope, and love, these three—but the great with these is love! Of these three eras of development, the world has already seen two. Is the second period closed or closing?

Some of the deepest thinkers of the time declare, that little or nothing of the competitive remains, or can long operate in human affairs, and that the associative principle is all in all. The theory is beautiful—our heart responds to it. But is it true? Oh! there is no throbbing in the heart of man but has its object—no desire to which a consummation is not finally appointed. As there is a world for the natural senses, so is there a world for the spiritual powers. And although a perfect realization of the spiritual is not possible on earth—yet the nearest possible approximation to it may be realized, and at no distant time. Indeed, any day it may be realized, if it please God to predispose the hearts of men to its elimination and display. Thus it is, that the idea is ever present in the soul of humanity, and inspires strongly the minds of such individuals as are ordained to feel and to think for their fellows.

At no time can a benevolent faith in the reign of love be unseasonable. Why then at this? It may be productive of large benefit even to accept the event just celebrated as its type and symbol. The symbol, too, has a reality in itself, the example of which cannot be without influence on the mass of society.

The tone of the court gives, in a great degree, the tone to the country. If Love be the deity of the palace hearth, he will preside likewise at the cottage ingle. There would never have been any outcry against the institution of marriage, had love—true love—always consecrated the contract. No Socialist Owen would have proposed a better way—no Bishop of Exeter been alarmed, lest in destroying the symbol, the idea too should be destroyed. No doubt, however, can exist that the idea of fidelity to the *one*, is held equally sacred by both parties litigant. Vain, however, is it in the present state of society, to think of doing without the sign, as it is hurtful that the sign should exist without the thing signified.

We are exceedingly glad that the Bishop of Exeter has brought forward the subject of Socialism. The advantages of publicity greatly overbalance the inconveniences. The eloquent prelate has, however,

not sufficiently estimated the extent of the question. It relates not only to England but to France. Socialism has many names, many forms, and many phases. In this, as on other topics which have lately appeared above the horizon, the MONTHLY MAGAZINE has been the first in the field. We have had great experience in the world of opinion—have made ourselves acquainted thoroughly with its workings on the less privileged orders—and have directed our inquiries on principles of philosophical insight which have constantly proved to be also those of philosophical foresight.

The system introduced into France by Fourier, is not liable to the same objections that beset Mr. Owen's. So far from proposing a religion without mystery, Fourier was only too mystical in some of his notions. The differences between the two systems, however, demonstrate that there is something to be considered apart from the accidents which may accompany either. In a word, Socialism is one of the forms of the Associative Principle, which is working itself out in almost every direction, and which *must* be recognised and assisted by government, or will come, ere long, to *substitute* government. Let this be properly considered—and particularly by the Church.

Our readers will recollect a system of Home Colonization, as recommended by us in our last January number, in the leading article, intituled, *The Working Classes, and their Relation to the State*—(we are happy to find, that the portion to which we allude, has been quoted into the newspapers.) They will be prepared, therefore, for our approving of the following sentiments in a pamphlet, written by a member of the Church of England.*

"Differing, *toto cælo*, from Mr. Owen's religious sentiments, I cannot comprehend why his opinions upon other subjects are to be disregarded. The views of Adam Smith were notoriously sceptical, but his work on the Wealth of Nations maintains a high reputation; and no writer who quotes it is thereby considered identified with his opinions on the important subject of religion. It may, however, be contended, that the cases are not exactly parallel, as Mr. Owen has incorporated his obnoxious opinions in all his works. This is not true; but, if it were, it is surely incumbent upon us, in these troublous and alarming times, to examine for ourselves, and select whatever may be found unexceptionable and useful.

"Finding the result of his own practical measures totally neglected, and viewing the heat and bitterness of rival and contending sects as the inevitable consequences of their respective tenets, he denounced them all; but in turning away from these fierce combatants, he omitted to seek Him who brings mighty things to pass, and his efforts became less powerful in accelerating the progress of those beneficial changes, the necessity for which he had been permitted to discover. It ought, however, to be a subject of deep humiliation to professing Christians, that those who are exploring the material world alone should be the first to detect errors in the structure of society, inimical to the best interests of man, and subversive of true religion."

"If a legislator, after consulting the pages of ancient and modern history, were to form, with families consisting of two or three thousand persons, a distinct community, giving it such laws and institutions as had been invariably found conducive to the growth of virtue, and excluding those of an

* A Letter to the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Melbourne, on the Presentation of Mr. Robert Owen at Court. By a Member of the Church of England. London, James Ridgway, Piccadilly. 1840.

opposite tendency, availing himself also of all the appliances afforded by recent improvements and discoveries, he would exhibit, so far as terrestrial means were concerned, a general character superior to any before produced. But for the more exalted virtues, and even for unshaken constancy, for that self-dedication to the good of the community and for noble enterprise, dependence must be placed upon the higher and more enduring motives, and these religion only can supply.

" 'We must observe,' says Lord Bacon, 'that the light of nature has two significations: 1st, as it arises from sense, induction, reason, and argument; according to the laws of heaven and earth; and 2nd, as it shines in the human mind, by internal instinct; according to the law of conscience, which is a certain spark, and, as it were, a relique of our primitive purity. And in this latter sense, chiefly, the soul receives some light, for beholding and discerning the perfection of the moral law; though this light be not perfectly clear, but of such a nature, as rather to reprehend vice than give a full information of duty; whence religion, both with regard to mysteries and morality, depends upon divine revelation.' "

"How far we are removed from a state of society combining such improved circumstances as experience would suggest and religion sanction, may be gathered from a description of the present condition of the people in a letter addressed to Your Lordship by the Rev. Baptist Noel.

" 'Shut up in hot factories, and exhausted by severe toil, our artisans, without the restraint of Christian principles, or the support of Christian hope, seek excitement in the gin-shop, in the chamber of the Trades' Union, in the lecture-room of the Socialists, or at the Chartist club. Every sort of poison is abundantly provided for them. Cheap gin ruins their health, their characters, and their intellects—beggars their families—blasts their reputation, and destroys their souls. Cheap Sunday newspapers pander to their passions and inflame their discontent. There is (as I am informed) a wide-spread enmity in many trades and branches of manufacture between masters and men. Numbers among the million of Chartists, not content with the discussion of universal suffrage, of annual parliaments, of the ballot, and of the abolition of a property qualification, are propagating the legislation of pikes and pistols; while organized bodies of Socialists, throughout the most populous cities of the empire, are advocating unbridled vice, and exulting in a ferocious atheism. These are the teachers to whom the neglected civic population is abandoned. This is the moral training to which the legislature leave the millions committed to their charge.'

"The remedy proposed is church extension, by devoting to that object the fourth part of the revenue on spirits and tobacco, which in 1834 amounted to no less than £11,614,829.

"In complying with the request of the Rev. Baptist W. Noel, to grant three millions to building churches, I trust that your Lordship will stipulate that one of those churches at least shall be raised in the centre of a community of two thousand destitute persons taken out of St. Giles's and Bethnal Green, and settled in comfortable habitations upon one thousand acres of land, there to raise their own food, and supply their own wants. If the institution were formed either in Middlesex or Surrey, and the right of appointing the minister devolved upon the bishop of the diocese, it would have the great advantage of the pastoral and enlightened care of one of two highly-respected dignitaries, both of whom have, with great sympathy, directed public attention to the altered condition of the working-classes.

"Considering, my Lord, that nothing has been hitherto done to improve the external circumstances of the people, I hope it will not be thought too much to ask, that a sum adequate to *three* experimental communities should be advanced on loan, as it could be easily proved that such communities could in due time repay it, whereas all other advances for churches and schools are made *in perpetuo*: when it is seen that these communities are

not, like churches and schools, designed for exclusive means of improvement, but include schools and also places of worship, the institution will, in all probability, give universal satisfaction.

"The first community could, as I have before observed, be established in Surrey or Middlesex, near the metropolis, for members of the Established Church.

"The second near Dublin, for two thousand Catholics.

"The third in the manufacturing districts, for two thousand persons of different religious denominations, who could have the good sense and right feeling to respect each others' honest convictions, and seek their mutual improvement in friendly advice, 'and in meekness instructing others.'

"There will still be a portion of society to be assisted in this way,—those distinguished by Mr. Noel as 'Socialists, Unitarians, and Infidels.' 'The orthodox dissenters of this country,' says Mr. Noel, 'Independents, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Wesleyans, amount to about three millions.' Under these circumstances, I fear, my Lord, we must be constrained to admit, that the prodigious quantity of spirits and tobacco paying the enormous duties of £11,614,829 in the course of one year, was consumed almost entirely by the members of our own church, and by the 'orthodox dissenters.'

"The Society of Friends are not included among the 'orthodox dissenters,' although they are distinguished for active benevolence and sanctity, and, compared with their numbers, have produced more philanthropic characters than any other religious body whatever. Among them are many members of the Temperance Societies; and as the newspaper reports of the meetings of the Socialists represent them as tea-drinking parties, neither of these bodies can have contributed to the said fund of nearly twelve millions. The meetings of the latter, whatever may be their errors in opinion (and, if report speaks true, some of the proceedings are in very bad taste, and ridiculous enough), are said to be characterized by peaceful and orderly conduct; and Dr. Sigmond has lately published a work to prove the moral effects of tea as a beverage. Nevertheless, as it is difficult to imagine that a Minister of the Gospel, upon insufficient grounds, would be so wanting in prudence and charity as to accuse them of 'unbridled vice and a ferocious atheism,' in order to prevent the contagion spreading, they cannot be too expeditiously consigned to one of Mr. Owen's parallelograms.

"But to return to communities built upon a far surer foundation, eternal as the heavens, I would invite those who are striving to spread a knowledge of the Scripture in distant lands, to consider if there could be a better sphere for training missionaries than would be found in one of these self-supporting institutions, composed, as they necessarily must be at first, of the wretchedly poor, and many unacquainted with the first rudiments of religion. Here the missionaries might be initiated in the best mode of commencing their ministry, and acquire a variety of subordinate knowledge, including the application of the arts and sciences to the domestic and social purposes of life, which would materially contribute to recommend them, by friendly offices, to the attention of the savage or idolatrous tribes.

"Nor can we imagine a more eligible opportunity for training teachers than in a school planted in the centre of a population over which there is a complete control, with no counteracting circumstances beyond the reach of correction. Here, if any where, would education be based upon religion, and the pupils live and move and have their being in an atmosphere congenial with its purest principles, where no conventional fashions or customs need intrude, and the tendency of every regulation submitted to the test of religion.

"The same enlightened and generous policy adopted by the present government, of encouraging all who are honestly labouring for the public good, without pledging himself to participate in every opinion they might entertain, distinguished that illustrious prince, her Majesty's royal father,—a policy

that will do more towards strengthening and extending the established Church than all the vituperation of uncharitable zealots."

The result is, that the spirit of Socialism, being in itself the manifestation of a good principle, it is indifferent whether it animates materialists or spiritualists; whether its first promoters have or have not erroneous theories of the expediency of marriage or other institutions.* It is to go quite out of the line of duty to consider these things too nicely; the right thing to do is none other than this; the government, and particularly the Church, should take advantage of a spirit so good for the purpose of ameliorating the social condition of the multitude, and bringing them more immediately under the dominion of the state, by legalizing corporations established on the basis of a religious as well as a political socialism. Let the Bishop of Exeter initiate a design of this nature, and he will soon outstrip the reputation of Mr. Owen for philanthropy. We must recollect that there is no error possible, but in the understanding of a partial truth as if it were the whole. This is the only error committed by Mr. Owen. If he provides for the body, he thinks he does enough—nay, does all! We hold that he only provides for half, and that the "worser half." Let the Church come forward with a plan that shall embrace both portions.

Of the virtual, and, in some cases, actual, connexion between Socialism and Chartism, we have been long aware. The former, in a certain materialist way, propounds the moral idea which Chartism proposes to carry out by physical force. There is, however, a difference between the two. Chartism is fanatical on certain religious points; but both agree in a demand for a better distribution of the property produced by the working classes—one party claiming to bring it about by peaceable and the other by violent means.

Now this notion of a better distribution of property has been instilled into the popular mind by itinerant lecturers and pamphleteers, whose interest it has been to plead *to*, instead of *for*, the people. The people, otherwise uninstructed, have been left to be miseducated by these peripatetic *litterateurs*.

We have already said enough, however, of the state of literature. Here is the head and front of the argument. Provide for your literary men in the first instance, and they will provide for the people; neglect them,—and a revolution is inevitable! Yet in the face of this great fact, what is the conduct of the present Ministry? one thousand two hundred pounds a year is all that is grantable in the way of pension to the literature of the country. Of this fund, it seems that ONE THOUSAND POUNDS are to be appropriated to Sir John Newport, for services (if any) as far from a literary character as possible. Is not this monstrous? Could Dean Swift have imagined, in the spirit of irony, any case more susceptible of ridicule? "Oh Shame! where is thy blush?" Clear enough it is that the spirit of party is smitten with a judicial blindness—perhaps the infliction is but the precursor of the mortal stroke. So be it!

* We are decidedly opposed to the act which has degraded a holy obligation into a civil contract.